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OF THE HEART.

BY F. C. T.

There's a little song that echoes
  O'er and over in my breast;
But by words its subtle meaning
  Can be only half expressed.
It has cadences like zephyrs
  Sighing through a bosky nook,
And the music trills and ripples
  Like a happy meadow brook.

As you listen to their music,
  I will watch your brooding eyes,
For the first sweet comprehending
  And the sudden shy surprise.
I will ask you for the meaning
  As your hand lies still in mine;
And I'll know, love, by its trembling,
  If that meaning you divine.

A LIFE REDEEMED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

DANE ARMITAGE made the comparison innocently and unintentionally enough, and Lyra smiled at first; then as it came home to her a blush rose to her face. He did not see it—he had lit his pipe and was smoking in happy contentment. Though he did not know it, he had told the story very well and simply, and he had all unwittingly presented to her another picture of himself to add to the gallery of her memory. It seemed to her wonderful that he, who had gone through so much, had courted peril and danger in wild lands far away, should be content to lie there at her feet and smoke with half-closed eyes.

"Well," he said presently, "this is very delightful, but it isn't business. We've got to fill that basket between us, you know."

"I am quite ready," she said, springing up.

"I think I'll change your fly," he said. "The March-brown fly is on the water; do you see them? Those little fellows with the long tail. Look, here's an imitation one. Now, I'll show you how to put it on, so that you may do it when I'm not here."

It is easy enough to put a fly on the line—when you know how. But you want showing; and in being shown your hands and your head must, of necessity, be brought very close to your instructor's. Lyra was intent upon her lesson, and perhaps—perhaps she did not notice that her hair now and again touched his cheek, that her hands and his were now and again in close contact; but Dane Armitage came out of the lesson with a slightly heightened color. And as she moved away with her rod, and a "Oh, thank you, thank you! I shall not forget," his conscience—that troublesome conscience of his—smote him, and he registered a vow that he would not risk the touch of her hand again.

But the force of circumstances was against him.

He kept away from her, behind her, for some time; but he watched her, and could see that she was catching a trout now and again. He caught some, too, but his eyes were more intent upon her than his fly.

Presently he noticed that she had ceased fishing, and was standing looking at the water in an absent kind of way.

He strode up to her.

"Tired?" he said.

"I am a little, I think," she said, with an apologetic glance. "My arm aches, only just a little. I can't understand it. The rod is so light."

"Give it to me," he said. "Hallo, you've lost your fly; the line's broken. A fish must have run off with it; I'll put on a fresh one. But you must not fish any more. I know that kind of ache in the arm. You walk beside me, or will you sit down? I don't care whether I fish or not."

"No, no," she said eagerly. "Please go on, and I will watch you. I shall learn a great deal that way."

"How keen you are!" he said gratefully, admiringly. "It's awfully good of you." As he spoke, he thought that she looked rather pale. "You are sure you would rather not rest?"

"Quite," she said. "Please go on." He fished on and she walked beside him. The clouds came up again, and to his satisfaction it commenced to rain; to his satisfaction, because for some unaccountable reason Master Trout will take the fly more readily when it rains. Dane caught them continually, and, in the true sportsman's absence of mind, forgot that his companion was getting wet. Who cares in the hunting-field whether the ladies are getting wet, or otherwise coming to grief? Who of us, alas! when the yacht is going before the wind, cares whether the ladies on board are sick or well? Man is a selfish animal; the sporting man—well, the least said the soonest mended.

But presently Dane woke up to the fact that it was raining hard, and that the girl beside him had no mackintosh, and, of course, no umbrella.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, dropping his rod. "What a selfish brute I am! You are getting wet all the time."

"Am I? I did not know it—notice it," she said carelessly. "It does not matter."

"Oh, doesn't it!" he said, with the irony of self-reproach. He looked round for shelter for her, but there was absolutely none save an old thorn.

"Come along," he said, making for it. "That will shelter you a little. I wouldn't have you get wet for worlds. Why, what would Mr. Chester say? and rightly. It would be a long time before he trusted you out with me again."

"It isn't of the least consequence," repeated Lyra. "I am wet most days when it rains, and you know it rains here for months at a time sometimes."

"Does it? Cheerful climate. Anyway, you are not going to get wet through today."

They had reached the thorn and he stood in front of her to protect her from the drifting rain; but he saw that it was poor protection, and he took off his thick Norfolk jacket of Harris tweed.

"Put this over your shoulders," he said in a matter-of-fact way.

Lyra drew back.

"Why! You would get wet through," she said almost indignantly.

"Not a bit of it. Besides, it wouldn't matter. I was wet yesterday, you know," his voice sank a little, "and I didn't catch cold, as you see. The rain won't hurt me." He touched his shirt sleeves. "Flannel; see?"

He put the coat over her shoulders, but she made a gesture of refusal.

"Please put it on again. I will not have it," she said.

He laughed with a boyish maliciousness.

"I'll pitch it in the river if you don't let it stop where it is!" he declared.

Lyra could not help laughing, though her brows were drawn straight with determination.

"Oh, but that is absurd—foolish!" she remonstrated.

"I daresay; I don't care! Come, you pretended to be grateful to me just now—"

"Pretended!"

"Well, were grateful. Show it by being obedient."

She bit her lip, but he had his way, and the warm coat sheltered her."

"We are in for a biggish storm," he said, looking up at the sky. "What an idiot I was to forget that this is Devonshire, and not to bring a mackintosh! My mackintosh would have covered you from head to foot."

"I wish you had brought it," she said. "You could have kept your coat then."

She put up her hand to take it off, and he put up his and took her arm to prevent her. As he did so she uttered a cry of pain.

His hand dropped, and he looked at her aghast.

"Oh, I hurt you!" he said in a voice of remorse.

"No—no!" she faltered. "Indeed you did not!"

"But I did!—I must have done! What a rough, clumsy brute I am!"

She bit her lip as if to force herself to silence, but his remorse and penitence constrained her to speak.

"It—it is nothing," she said carelessly—too carelessly; "but the fly—the hook."

"The fly—the hook? Well?" he demanded anxiously. "What about it?"

She held out her arm, then put it behind her and laughed.

"I caught it in the sleeve of my dress, and—and in trying to get it out I've run it into my arm."

"Good heaven!" he exclaimed; "and I've caught hold of it and—and—sent it in further! Please let me look."

She extended her arm again, and he saw that the hook of the fly had gone above the barb into the delicate flesh.

Now when this is the case you cannot, once in a hundred times, pull the hook out. It is a small matter, just a tiny piece of bent steel, but there it is fast and firm. The more you try to extract it the worse it sticks; and every time you touch it the more pain you inflict.

Dane knew that there was only one way of getting that fly out, and at the thought his face paled beneath its tan.

"It's of no consequence; it will come out presently," she said. "I will get Mary to pull it out when I get home. It is clearing up now; shall we go on? Take your coat, please."

"Stop!" he said, looking at her and still holding her hand. "Neither Mary nor anyone else can pull that hook out."

She flashed her lovely eyes at him.

"No!—why? I couldn't just now; but I thought that was because I only had the left hand to do it with."

"No," he said, "it is because the bark on the hook has gone in. Miss Chester, I—I shall have to cut it out!"

He stood with compressed lips and a look on his face as if he had said—"I must cut off your arm."

Lyra laughed easily.

'Really?"

"Yes!" he said; "and—and I am afraid I shall hurt you!"

She laughed as easily as before.

"Not much, I should think," she said. "Such a little cut as it must be for such a tiny hook."

"You don't mind pain?" she asked.

"Not such a little as that would be," she said. "Can I not cut it out myself? The trouble I have been to you this morning!"

"You cannot," he said. "What an idiot I was not to warn you! It's my fault!"

"But I was so clumsy as to catch the hook in my arm," she said. "It is a wonder that I have not caught you with it."

"Would to heaven you had instead of yourself; that wouldn't have mattered," he rejoined.

As he spoke he took the scissors out of the fly-book in his jacket pocket.

"I must cut the sleeve," he said.

"That's of no consequence," she said carelessly.

He cut a square piece out and revealed a bit of the white arm with the malicious little hook sticking in it.

"Look another way," he said with a queer huskiness in his voice as he opened his penknife.

Lyra obeyed for a moment, but naturally her eyes turned to the hook again. And then she saw that his face had grown pale, though his hands were as steady as a rock. She noticed, too, how softly, how tenderly he held her arm; this great strong man who had faced—courted—death in strange lands.

"Are you afraid," she asked with a smile—"afraid of my calling out? I shall not, I promise you."

"Yes," he said, still huskily; "I am afraid of hurting you. And yet I must do it, for Mary would hurt you more than I shall."

She laughed.

"Please go on," she said; "it is such a trifle."

"Not to me," he muttered below his breath, and with a palpitation of the heart. He would have done much, suffered much, to purchase a moment's happiness, transient pleasure, for this innocent girl; and now he was fated to hurt her—hurt her in cold blood, with the lovely eyes looking on.

He set his teeth hard and cut out the hook. He dared not look up at her lest she should see in his eyes the emotion, the passionate emotion, that raged within him.

It was a tiny cut, and she did not cry out or wince even, though for all its smallness the operation was a painful one.

His hand closed gently, tenderly over the miniature wound, and he raised his eyes.

They must have told the secret that was throbbing through his heart; they must have said that which he kept from uttering with his lips at a cost almost insupportable. There must have been "I love you! I love you!" in the intense gaze of his eyes, for Lyra caught her breath and drew back slightly, very slightly, and the color left her face.

"I have hurt you, Lyra!" he exclaimed almost hoarsely. "Lyra—darest! I have hurt you, I who love you! love you!"

She drew back from him, put out her hands as if to keep him—his almost fiercely passionate avowal—away from her.

She was startled, frightened, and yet—ah! was it fear only that made her heart throb with a sensation that was almost painful?

He caught her hand and pressed it against his heart. All the passion of a strong man caught in the toils of a love as strong as himself had got possession of him, and yet the caress—for caress it was—was gentle, reverential.

"Lyra!"—his voice sounded strangely in his own ears; "I love! Yes, I know—I know I ought not to say it here, now, but—but I cannot help myself! Do you hear? I love you! Are you angry? Forgive me! I would rather die than frighten you; but to have hurt you when I love you so dearly—so dearly——"

He stopped suddenly. The coat had slipped from her shoulders as she stood with her hands pressing against her bosom to still the beating of her heart, stood panting as if for breath. The coat slipped and as it slipped something white fell from the pocket and dropped on the ground between them. It was an unopened letter, and it fell with the address upward.

Her eyes followed it, and his followed hers. He started, and the blood rushed to

his face, then left it, and left it absolutely white.

She glanced from the letter to his face, and then to the letter again. And at that moment, why she knew not, it seemed as if the innocent-looking thing had grown into a sheet of snow, and erected itself between her heart and his: an impassable barrier.

She pointed to it; she could not speak.

He stood panting, as she had panted, then, like a man suddenly dazed, he stooped and picked up the letter, and mechanically, with absolute unconsciousness, opened it; unfolded the sheet of paper, and as mechanically read the contents.

"DEAR DANE,—Your father has the gout in his hand, and asks me to write and beg your to come home. I don't add my entreaties because it is evident from your not having answered my last two letters that you have forgotten "Your THEODOSIA."

That was all. But it was as a voice from the thunderous sky. It was the voice which bid him choose between Love and Honor.

He stood with the letter in his hand, the cold sweat breaking out upon his brow.

"Your Theodosia?"

His eyes at last sought hers. She stood as if turned to stone. Her woman's wit had guessed that something had come between them: the barrier of snow was freezing her heart. He stretched out his hand, then let it drop to his side, and his head hung like that of a man suddenly overwhelmed with shame.

"Lyra!" he said hoarsely, almost inaudibly "Lyra—forget—forgive. I—No! I cannot lose you! I cannot!"

He made a movement towards her, but she put out her hands.

"No, no!" she panted. "Let me go!"

His hands, which he had raised to seize hers, dropped to his side, and he turned away with a groan, as if he could not dare to gaze upon her.

For a moment she stood looking at him, then with a shiver, as if the summer breeze had been charged with ice, she turned and left him.

CHAPTER IX.

LYRA left Dane, standing as if turned to stone, and with unsteady, uncertain steps went down the valley towards home.

Her heart beat wildly at one moment, and the next seemed to cease altogether. A great overwhelming sense of misery swept through her, attended by a strange feeling of wonder that was an ecstasy—half of pain, half of joy.

She had read of love often, but it might almost be said that until Dane had uttered the word with all the eloquence of passion she had never heard it spoken.

His declaration had come upon her with the suddenness of a flash of lightning. And yet, sudden as it was, she understood it, and knew that he really loved her, and she returned his love.

As he spoke she learnt suddenly, as in another lightning flash, why the sunlight had seemed to fade when he left her yesterday, why she had lain awake thinking of him, why the sight of him at the gate had made the heart within her leap with a strange, bewildering joy.

Love—this love of which she had read so much—was a real thing then, and it had come to her—swept down upon her like an angel with wide-spreading wings, and soared with her into the highest heavens.

And yet she had understood, quite as fully, that something had come between her and Dane; that though he loved her, and she loved him, that letter which had dropped between them had contained the death sentence of their happiness. His faltering, heart-broken words had told her that; and as she hurried through the undergrowth, scarcely knowing where she was going and heedless of the brambles that caught at her as if trying to detain her and turn her back, she felt as if she had left not only her heart, but her life behind her—there where Dane stood with clenched hands and drooping head.

It is said that to every man and woman is given a soul for which a mate is specially created; that each human soul goes through the world seeking this mate. Sometimes it finds it—sometimes only, and ah! how rarely—and then there is joy and happiness unspeakable for those two fortunate souls; but too often the desolate spirit wanders over the earth seeking the mate it shall never find; doomed, perhaps, to be tied to some spirit with which it has nothing in common, and with whom it must lead a life of miserable discord; or fated to wander through the realms of space, solitary and unmated, a sad and restless, unsatisfied ghost, unloving and unloved.

Surely these two spirits—Dane's and Lyra's—had found each other; they were within sight of love's paradise, their linked hands were touching the gates, their feet were pressing the threshold, when lo! they had been thrust forth, the gates had been clanged in their faces, and they were separated to wander divided and miserable.

As Lyra made her way through the wood she tried to realize what had happened to her. Dane's passionate words rang in her ears as if they would ring there for ever. Love, love, it was all love! She could feel his hands clasping her still, could feel his eyes piercing through hers into the innermost recesses of her heart. He loved her and yet—she should never see him again! Something had come between them, had taken him from her—for ever, for ever!

She uttered the words which have fallen from so many despairing lips and clasped her hands over her eyes. They were burning, aching, with unshed tears. It seemed as if a great cloud had come over the heavens, and blotted out the sun and the light.

She stopped exhausted, and leant against a tree, her hands pressed to her bosom as if to still the agony that racked it. As she stood thus, lost to all sense of sight and hearing, the bent figure of Griffith came along the narrow path. He had his billhook in his hand, and a bundle of wood on his bent back. As he saw Lyra he stopped, dropped the wood, and limped to her side.

"Miss Lyra!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "What is it? What is the matter?"

She turned her aching eyes upon him as if she did not see or recognise him, and at the agony in her face he groaned with mingled pain and rage.

"What is it? What is it?" he said in his guttural voice, and he took her hand and pressed it. "Tell me, tell me, Miss Lyra dear. Are you ill? Has anything harmed you? Tell me, dearie!"

The sound of his rough voice, the touch of his hand, aroused her. With a long, painful sigh she raised her head and looked away from him.

"Nothing is the matter, Griffith," she said in a voice from which all the brightness and joy had vanished. "I—I have been a long way—and—and am over-tired."

His grasp of her hand grew tighter.

"A long way?" he said. "Only to the top of the valley? That shouldn't have tired you. Where—where is the gentleman that went with you? He was with you till just now."

He put the question with a kind of subdued ferocity, and gripped at her hand.

Her face grew paler, if possible, and her lips quivered.

"He has gone," she said, and the full significance of the words smote her with a fresh pang.

"Gone," he echoed hoarsely, "and left you to come home alone! Look, your dress is torn by the brambles, you are white and unhappy. Has he been saying anything to trouble you? Tell me, Miss Lyra dear."

The crimson burnt on her face for a moment, then left it pale again.

"No, no," she faltered brokenly. "He has said nothing—it does not matter. He has gone—he will not come back. We—we shall not see him again."

His small glittering eyes scanned her face keenly.

"Are you telling me the truth, the whole truth, Miss Lyra?" he said hoarsely. "If he has said anything to trouble you—if he ——" He paused, with clenched teeth, then went on in a low, hoarse voice, "Miss Lyra, you won't keep anything from me? It's me, old Griffith, that asks you; you'll tell me? Miss Lyra dearie, years ago, when you were a little child, your mother left you. I was with her when she died. Almost her last words were, 'Griffith, you will take care of my little one?'" His voice gave way, but he mastered it and went on. "She knew—your mother—that the master would be too broken to take care of you. She knew that you would want someone else, someone that would always watch over you. I promised her, Miss Lyra dear, and—and I've kept my promise. Look back, dearie, and tell me if you can remember any time in your young life when you cannot remember old Griffith."

Lyra could not speak, but she pressed his hand.

"When you were ill like other children it was for me, and not your nurse, that you used to cry. I've carried you in these arms for hours, aye, almost fordays. I've watched you grow up year by year, from a tiny mite to a beautiful woman, and there is not a wish of your heart that I haven't known. No dog ever loved its mistress as I've loved you, Miss Lyra dear. I'd lay down my life for you, aye, and be glad to do it."

She pressed his hand again. His devotion, though it could not remove the aching in her young heart, soothed it.

"I know, I know, dear Griffith," she murmured almost inaudibly.

"I've kept my oath, for it was an oath, and I mean to keep it till someone comes to take you from me—to win your heart away and teach you to forget me. I'll stand between you and trouble, Miss Lyra, if you'll let me. Tell me what has happened."

"Nothing, nothing," she faltered.

His ragged brows darkened over his sharp eyes.

"Something has happened," he said doggedly. "If I thought that gentleman had said anything to trouble you like this ——" he stopped, dropped his hand, and half turned as if he were going in search of Dane.

She caught his arm and held him.

"No, no, Griffith, he has said nothing. It is because he is too good and noble——" she stopped. "Stop, Griffith, I bid you. I am unhappy, but—but it is not his fault."

"You are sure?" he demanded, almost fiercely.

"Yes," she said, with a heavy sigh. "It is not his fault. You—you must not harbor anger against him, must not threaten him—for you did threaten him, Griffith?"

"Yes," he assented, with sullen anger. "I'd threaten anyone that would harm you, or make you unhappy, Miss Lyra dear. I'd——" he stopped, but his clenched hand and glittering eye finished the sentence graphically enough. "The faithful dog bites as well as barks when it sees his mistress attacked."

"Yes, yes," she said soothingly. "I know Griffith, but no one has attacked me. Do not say any more. Let us go home, I am very, very tired!" Her head sank, and she sighed again.

"Lean on me, put your hand on my shoulder, Miss Lyra," he murmured huskily. "Don't be afraid; why these arms are strong enough to carry you still, old as I am."

They went through the wood thus—Lyra pale and preoccupied, the hunchback with his eyes fixed on the ground, his gnarled lips emitting a kind of hoarse snarl at intervals—and had reached the clearing at the foot of the cliffs when suddenly a groan was heard by both of them.

Lyra started, removed her hand, and uttered a faint cry.

"What was that? Did you hear it, Griffith?" she faltered. Instantly her thoughts, her fears, flew to Dane. Could it have been he who had groaned? "Oh! what was it, Griffith?" she asked in an agony.

"Hush, hush, Miss Lyra!" he said almost imperatively, and he listened with his great head on one side.

The groan came again, and Lyra uttered another cry.

"There, there! you must have heard it, Griffith."

"Yes, I heard it," he said calmly. "Don't be frightened, dearie; it came from the bottom of the cliff. Stay here while I go and see."

"No, no," she said, "I will come too."

A mental vision of Dane in mortal peril rose before her.

Griffith, with his peculiar gait—a mixture of limp, spring, and shamble—hurried in the direction of the sound, and Lyra followed close behind him.

Where the wood ended in a waste of grass-grown sand, the range of cliffs or downs commenced. The sand, blown by the winds, was over them all; they were soft and gradatory in places, but in others were steep and precipitous. As Lyra and Griffith hurried to the foot of these cliffs, the groan which had alarmed her sounded again. Griffith's sense of sight and hearing were as keen and true as an Indian's, and he went straight for a clump of sand-sprinkled bushes, from whence the cry of distress had proceeded. Lyra kept close behind him, and they both saw the figure of a man half lying, half sitting amongst the furze.

He was a fair young man, with light hair and pale blue eyes, and he was very pale and woeful-looking. It was Mr. Chandos Armitage, with his Bond-street clothes torn and covered with sand, and his delicate white hands scratched and bleeding.

At sight of Griffith and Lyra he uttered a doleful "Help!" and dropped back amidst the furze.

Griffith bent over him.

"What is the matter?" he demanded in his rough, grating voice.

Lyra stood looking over his shoulder, her pale face expressive of apprehension, and, it must be said, relief, for it was not, thank heaven! it was not the beloved one—it was not Dane Armitage.

Mr. Chandos opened his eyes, and moaned faintly.

"I've had an accident," he murmured in accents of profound self-pity. "I've fallen over the cliff and broken my leg, I'm afraid. Oh!"

"Fallen over the cliff," grunted Griffith. "Let me see."

"Don't touch me!" wailed the Honorable Chandos.

"Humph," grunted Griffith. "You'll have to be touched sooner or later if you are to get away from here. Let me see. Which leg is it?"

"Oh, take care, Griffith," murmured Lyra gently.

Mr. Chandos opened his eyes again, and as they rested on her lovely face their pale blue light grew warmer and admiring, but only for a moment, for his pain absorbed all his attention.

"Thank you, my dear lady," he said sweetly. "This is the leg, my good man. I'm afraid it is broken in several places."

Griffith knelt down and examined the wounded member, Mr. Chandos watching with nervous apprehension.

"It isn't broken," said Griffith after a moment or two. "You've sprained your ankle, I think. Wait, I'll take off your boot."

"No, no!" responded Mr. Chandos in nervous terror. "I must have a surgeon; you'll hurt me——"

Griffith grunted grimly.

"Not I. Lie still, sir; I'll soon see what's the matter."

He took out a woodman's huge knife—at sight of which the elegant Mr. Chandos shuddered—cut the laces of the boot, and removed it.

"Yes," he said, "it's a sprain; there's no bones broken."

"I don't see how you can know; you're not a surgeon," said Mr. Chandos querulously. "It's painful enough for half a dozen fractures."

"Very like," said Griffith, philosophically. "But there's no bones broken all the same. How did you do it?"

Mr. Chandos leant on one elbow, and turned his blue eyes on the cliff, and then on Lyra.

"I was standing up there, on the edge of the cliff, admiring the peculiarly mystic light on yonder hill, when the ground gave way beneath me, and I was precipitated—where you see me," he wound up rather prosaically.

Griffith grunted.

"And didn't you know any better than to stand on the edge of a sandhill?" he said. "You'll be more knowing for the future. You've had a fall and sprained your ankle; that's all."

"That's all!" retorted Mr. Chandos, who thought that it was a great deal. "But I can't walk! I've tried to stand several times without success. You will not desert me?"

He extended his pretty hand to Lyra with a charmingly pathetic gesture.

She drew back, for the voice, the gesture, the manner of the man repelled her, and it was Griffith responded.

"Oh, we won't desert you, as you call it. I'll go and get something to carry you on."

"Let me," said Lyra, in a low voice.

"No," said Griffith, almost peremptorily. "You'd run all the way to the cottage and back, I know; and you're tired. You stay here, Miss Lyra. I shan't be long. You had better keep your foot still," he added to Mr. Chandos, curtly, as he limped away.

Lyra, left alone with the disabled man, stood looking seawards. She felt dazed still. Her heart was aching with a dull, gnawing pain. It is to be feared that she did not give much thought to the interesting sufferer.

But this left Mr. Chandos free to gaze upon her beautiful face; and he did so to the fullest extent—so fully, that for the moment he forgot his broken bones or sprain, and was lost in intense admiration of her loveliness.

Who was she, and whence did she come?

He thought he had never seen a more lovely, more interesting face; for her pallor, the sad expression in her eyes, lent her an additional charm in Mr. Chandos opinion.

"I am afraid I am detaining you and giving you a great deal of trouble," he said in his sweetest voice, with the "flute" stop well on.

Lyra started slightly, and turned to him.

"Oh, no!" she said. "Are you in much pain?"

She put the question with a tone of self-reproach. She had indeed almost forgotten him.

"Yes," he sighed. Mr. Chandos would have made an outcry over a pin-prick, and was not likely to make light of a sprain. "Yes," he murmured, "the pain is great; but pain has its consolations. The spirit is never keener or more en rapport with beauty than when it is stimulated by pain." He made this remark in the proper esthetic manner, with the "flute" stop in his voice again, and with a sad, mad look in his pale blue eyes.

Lyra looked at him with a dull and weary questioning, and Mr. Chandos's gaze grew unsteady.

"I allude to the scenery—oh!" His foot gave him a twinge. "It is it indeed beautiful. Doesn't it remind you of a Canatelli or a Burne Jones? Oh—oh, dear!"

Lyra continued to gaze at him.

"I am afraid I don't understand," she said.

"No? You are not acquainted with the works of those—oh, oh!—those artists? That is a pity. The beautiful should know and be of kin with the beautiful."

It is to be feared that Lyra thought for the moment that the wounded man was either insane or delirious.

"But, pardon me, you look pale," said Mr. Chandos, after a pause. "I fear I have caused you some alarm."

A faint color came for a moment into Lyra's face, and she looked away across the river.

"No," she said in a low voice; "I am not frightened."

"Ah," murmured Mr. Chandos tenderly, "it is the sympathy of your womanhood which is—oh, oh, dear! oh, dear!—emblematic of the divine. Without sympathy, true sympathy, man is—whew!—little better than the beasts of the field. Will you not sit down and rest?"

Lyra shook her head. She was, with every word he uttered, more inclined to consider him a harmless lunatic.

Mr. Chandos nursed his foot for some moments in silence. Then he said—

"Do you live far from here?"

"No," said Lyra. "Griffith will not be long."

"Oh, I can wait, if not with cheerfulness, with resignation," he murmured. "Pain and patience seem appropriate to this desolate spot, this weird and impressive scenery. Do you—er paint?"

"No," said Lyra. His suave, languishing voice jarred on her, and irritated her. She longed, with a longing past description, to be in her own room alone, alone to think.

"That is a pity," he said. "I—er—am a humble but devoted servant of Art. I should like to sketch this stretch of sand, these—phew! oh, oh, dear!—undulating hills. They would make an exquisite study in gray and chrome."

Lyra remained silent. How much longer would Griffith be?

"If you do not paint you are a musician, I am sure. Oh, dear!" resumed Mr. Chandos.

"No, I cannot play," she said.

"Indeed! It seems scarcely credible. Your face—pardon me—is of the Cecilian type. Cecilia is the patron saint of music, you know. But you sing; indeed, you must sing! Hah—oh!"

Lyra shook her head.

"Does your foot pain you still? Is there anything I can do, get for you?"

"I fear not," he said in the tone of an expiring martyr. "I am very thirsty, it is true, but I fear there is no water——"

"I will get you some," she said. She ran to the stream, made a cup of a large fern leaf, and brought it to him carefully.

"Thanks, thanks!" he sighed. "It is a draught from the stream of Isis," and he gazed up at her with a sentimental languishing. "I shall never forgive myself for all the trouble I have caused you. Ah—

"Woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please!
When pain and anguish wring the brow;
A ministering angel thou!"

He mouthed the backneyed lines in the most approved style of the modern school, and expected Lyra to blush and simper; and the slightly surprised look in her large, sad eyes rather disconcerted him.

"Are you fond of poetry?" he asked.

"Yes," said Lyra wearily.

"I knew it," he murmured. "'Twere unnecessary to ask. Your face is the index of a poet's soul. I—er—am a humble but devoted servant of the divine Muse. Have you chanced—oh, whew!—hah!—have you chanced to read those lines of mine? They are tolerably well known—

"When in the dark and'—oh, whew!—'stilly night,
I cease the'—ah!—'sober candle light,
What vision swarms'—oh, dear!—'around my head!
And fill the curtains of my'—gracious!—'bed.'"

"No," said Lyra. "Yes," she thought, "he must be a madman, escaped from some lunatic asylum!"

"No? I thought they had penetrated even to such regions as this. Would you like—shall I—repeat the remainder of the—oh, oh!—poem?"

"I do not think you should talk," faltered Lyra soothingly.

"Do not forbid me the sweet consolation of conversing with my preserver," he murmured. "I forget my pain—almost—while exchanging these sweet reflections with so—er—so capable of appreciating them as I am sure you are."

Lyra walked a little way towards the valley, to render any further conversation difficult, if not impossible, and stood watching and waiting for Griffith.

At last, to her infinite relief, she saw him and Mary hurrying along.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come, Griffith!" she said. "I am afraid he is very ill; he has been talking so strangely."

Griffith grunted, and unfolded a thick rug.

"He's not so bad as he thinks, Miss Lyra," he said, almost within hearing of the martyr. "Now, sir, let us put this rug under you, and we'll carry you to the master's cottage."

Mr. Chandos, with sundry groans and moans, got himself deposited on the impromptu stretcher, and was raised from the ground by Mary and Griffith.

"For Heaven's sake don't drop me!" he exclaimed, in an agony of apprehension.

"We shan't drop ye!" said Griffith curtly. "You're none so heavy."

"Be careful; be careful, I beg of you!" implored Mr. Chandos, as he swayed to and fro. "A sudden shock, a fall on this uneven ground, might—Heaven knows what it might do! Where is my fair rescuer?"

Griffith scowled over his shoulder at him.

"D'ye mean Miss Lyra?" he snarled.

"Yes, if that is her name—it is a sweet name. Beg her not to leave me."

Lyra walked beside him.

"You are quite safe," she said encouragingly.

"I feel it—I feel it, with you by my side!" murmured Mr. Chandos, and he stretched out his hand with the expression of a man fast sinking; but Lyra probably did not see his hand, for her eyes were fixed on the river, and her thoughts far away, so that Mr. Chandos' delicate paw was fain to hang limp and disregarded.

They reached the cottage, and Mr. Chandos was carried into the parlor and deposited on the sofa, to the accompaniment of a string of groans and moans, and "oh dears!"

Mr. Chester entered—he had been wandering along the river bank with a book which he still held in his hand—and he not unnaturally stared at this irruption into his dim and quiet sitting-room.

"What—what——?" he stammered, looking from one to the other vacantly.

"It is an accident, father," explained Lyra.

"To you?" he asked, looking at her pale, wan face.

She shook his head.

"No; to this gentleman. He has hurt his foot."

"I fear it is a bad, a very bad, fracture," murmured Mr. Chandos. "I must apologize for this intrusion; but, indeed, if it had not been for the timely arrival—oh dear!—of your daughter and manservant upon the spot where I lay alone and helpless——"

Mr. Chandos cut short the suavely flowing voice.

"What is it—what is the matter with him?" he asked impatiently.

"Leave him to me and Mary, and we'll see," growled Griffith.

Mr. Chester and Lyra went out of the room.

"Are you frightened?" he asked, blinking at her pale face. "Where have you been?"

She looked at him with all her new strange misery in her eyes, and would have thrown her arms round his neck, and, with her face hidden against his breast, have poured out all her trouble had there been one spark of tenderness in his face or voice; but there was none.

"No, father," she said, "I am not frightened. "I—I have been up the valley."

She passed him and went slowly, with a dragging step, up the stairs, and was in her own room, and alone—at last. Alone, and free to recall, again and again, the scene between her and Dane.

What a different person was this wan girl who knelt beside her bed, with her face hidden in her hands, to the Lyra Chester who, with Love's music beginning to sing in her heart, had walked beside Dane Armitage up the valley! In that brief space of a few hours she had passed across the mystic brook, had developed from girlhood into womanhood—had learnt the meaning of love, and, also! of sorrow. She was confused, bewildered still, but through all her vague misery there rose, distinct and palpable, the face of Dane Armitage; and though all else were uncertain, she knew that she loved him, that he had taken her heart and soul, and that without his love, her presence, her life must be one long yearning, one long pain!

While she drank to the dregs of the cup which love pressed to her lips, Griffith and Mary removed Mr. Chandos's stocking, and Griffith was able to positively pronounce the injury a sprain, and not a broken limb.

"You'll be all right in a day or two, a week at most," he growled, as he wound a cold-water bandage round the ankle. "You don't want a doctor," he remarked to Mr. Chandos's querulous request that a doctor—the best in the place—might be fetched; "all you want is to rest your foot till the sprain's gone. I'll get you a fly from Yarnstaple."

But this suggestion did not meet with Mr. Chandos's approval. He pictured to himself a week on a horse-hair sofa in the parlor of a provincial hotel, and shuddered at the vision. He looked round the shabby but cosy room, remembered Lyra, reflected that it would be far more pleasant to lie here within sight of her lovely face, within hearing of her musical voice, and resolved that he would remain at the cottage. Yes, it would be quite too delightful to spend the time conversing with and cultivating this beautiful girl, who seemed to have no protector but an absent-minded father and a hunchback servant. Yes, he would stay.

"I—I really don't think I could bear removal," he murmured with a deep sigh. "I am in great pain, and though the injury may be no greater than you say, my man, the journey to Yarnstaple over those terrible roads of yours might aggravate it. Pray ask your master—what is his name?"

"Chester," grunted Griffith.

"—— Mr. Chester if he will take pity upon a wounded man and give him shelter for a few days."

Griffith eyed him with strong disfavor.

"You're able to go to Amoriky," he snarled.

"I think not, my good fellow," said Mr. Chandos with a sigh. "Please take my message to your master."

Mr. Chester came in, and blinked and stared at the invalid, and in response to Mr. Chandos's plaintive prayer at once offered his hospitality.

"I suppose there is a room somewhere?" he said vaguely to Mary.

"Oh yes, sir. We can put the gentleman up," said Mary, to whom a visitor was an agreeable novelty and excitement.

"Very well," said Mr. Chester absently. "We shall be very pleased if you will stay till you are able to—to—walk—Mr. ——"

Mr. Chandos was about to give his name, but paused and hesitated.

There are some men who prefer the ways of darkness to those of light, who seem incapable of "going straight."

"My name is Geoffrey Earle——" He had published a volume of "poems" under that nom de plume. "Geoffrey Earle," he said. "You may have heard of it?"

Mr. Chester shook his head.

"I hope you'll be comfortable," he said absently, and made haste to get out and back to his book in the parlor.

Mr. Chandos closed his eyes and drew a breath of relief and satisfaction. Yes, she certainly was a lovely creature, and worth cultivating. After all, notwithstanding his sprained foot, he was very lucky, very lucky.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANSWERED.—The superintendent of a Sunday-school was one afternoon explaining to his scholars the story of Elijah and the prophets of Baal: how Elijah built an altar, put wood upon it, and cut a bullock in pieces, and laid it on the altar.

"And then," said the superintendent, "he commanded the people to fill four barrels with water, and to pour it over the altar; and they did this four times. Now I wonder if any boy or girl can tell me why all this water was poured over the bullock upon the altar."

There was silence for a few moments, when one little boy spoke up—

"Please, sir, to make the gravy."

Bric-a-Brac.

COON HUNTING.—A new departure in coon hunting has been tried by some citizens of Alleghany, Pa. When the coon had been treed Roman candles were used to ascertain his exact position.

PUNISHMENTS.—In Borneo the left hand of a thief or other petty criminal is sliced off. But it is not thrown away or buried or destroyed in any fashion. The Sultan Akamaldin has it embalmed and placed with hundreds of others that he has obtained from the same source.

TURTLES.—It is said that one of the West India Islands is inhabited exclusively by turtles, some of which grow to an enormous size. Attempts to establish human habitations on the island have always failed. The turtles undermine the foundations of the houses and not infrequently attack the inmates.

THE JAPS.—The Japanese have many curious customs. They begin a book at what we call the last page, and the end is where we have the title page. Horses, when in their stalls, face the door of the stable; men, and not women, do the sewing, and push the needles in and out from them instead of towards them.

THE PALM.—One of the peculiarities of the cocoanut palm is that it never stands upright. A Malayan saying has it that: "He who has looked upon a dead monkey; he who has found the nest of a paddy bird; he who has beheld a straight cocoanut palm, or has fathomed the deceitful heart of a woman, will live for ever."

A LOGAL EQUIVALENT.—After their engagement had been broken off a Michigan man sued his quondam sweetheart for the recovery of certain jewelry which she refused to return. The Judge in deciding the case asked the lover if he had ever kissed his intended bride. After he had admitted that he had done so, the Judge dismissed the suit, holding that kisses and caresses were a legal equivalent for presents.

OUT OF THE COCOANUT-TREE.—The cocoanut-tree furnishes the South Sea Islanders with almost everything they want. They eat the meat and drink the oil. From the shells they make all their bowls and dishes and drinking cups. Its leaves are used for thatching the roofs of the houses and for umbrellas to shelter them from the sun and rain. The wood of the tree makes very strong beams and logs for burning, and the milk of the cocoanut is given to young children to quench their thirst.

MULBERRY TREES.—It is said that no insect but the silk worm will eat the leaves of the mulberry tree. In seasons when the grasshopper or the army worm abounds every other tree and plant may be stripped of its foliage by the devourers, but the mulberry will escape to the last. Kansas locusts will eat everything else first, and, when all the rest is gone, with wry mouths will then tackle the mulberry leaves. It seems to be the one food specially designed by nature for the support of the silk worm.

SEEING BY NIGHT.—Nocturnal creatures assume night activity for some other reason than that they cannot see by day or that they see better by night. The bat sees admirably in the brightest sunlight, as any one who knows who has ever teased one by poking a stick at it. It will open its mouth and make an angry grab at the stick, when it is not near it by several inches. Professor Bolles says it is the same with the owl. They see perfectly in bright sunlight, and better at night than most creatures.

HUMAN MAGNETISM.—That the human frame is an excellent magnet is well known by practical experience to every watchmaker and mender. A man will carry a watch for years, and be proud of its accuracy; then he will fall sick, the watch will lie on the mantel or on the dresser, and will develop great inaccuracy and unreliability. No explanation is forthcoming, except the one that the absence of magnetism upsets the time announcer, and the best proof of this is that when the man gets around again and carries his watch it soon gets right again. No two men appear to have the same magnetism in their frames, and it is seldom that two individuals can use the same watch satisfactorily.

A COW'S TRIAL.—Yesterday morning, says an Albany paper, a little son of John Bethune was leading a cow to pasture, and when he reached the woollen mills he tied the cow to the coupling pin of a freight car while he went inside to speak to his father. Unfortunately for the cow, the Lebanon engine backed upon the switch while the boy was inside, and, not seeing the cow, coupled on to the car and started up the track. The bovine was not noted as a sprinter, but she was forced up the track at a 2 17½ gait. A farmer who was passing saw the predicament, and managed to signal the engineer to stop, otherwise there must have been a spurt of speed on the part of the cow unheard of before by any bovine, or a broken neck, for the boy had tied her securely with a stout rope. As it is, she is alive and well, and holds the record of the town for that sort of a race.

ONE AT A TIME.

One step at a time, and that well placed,
We reach the grandest height;
One stroke at a time, earth's hidden stores
Will slowly come to light;
One seed at a time, and the forest grows;
One drop at a time, and the river flows
Into the boundless sea.

One word at a time, and the greatest book
Is written and is read;
One stone at a time, and the palace rears
Aloft its stately head;
One blow at a time, the tree's clefs through,
And a city will stand where a forest grew
A few short years before.

One grain of knowledge and that well stored,
Another, and more of them,
And as time rolls on your mind will shine
With many a garnered gem
Of thought and wisdom. And time will tell,
"One thing at a time, and that done well,"
Is wisdom's proven rule.

WIFE OR SISTER?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WYCHFIELD HORROR," "AN ANGEL UNAWARES," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"YOU will be nice to her, aunt Regina?" Jessie Forrest put the question with a timid pleading tenderness that would have touched most women, but it brought no softer expression to Regina Luxton's handsome hard-looking face.

"Nice?" echoed the latter, with an inflection decidedly contemptuous. "Your father's young wife will want no 'niceness' either from you or me?"

Jessie's pale little face flushed, and she looked up quickly as though about to make some reply. But either the impulse passed or her courage failed, for she walked over to the window and stood looking out upon the grim London square with a pained and perplexed expression in her eyes.

The girl and woman who occupied the long drawing-room of the great old-fashioned house were so absolutely unlike that no stranger would have guessed the close relationship between them. Regina Luxton, the aunt, was a tall, slender, well-preserved woman of three or four-and-forty, with straight features, a neat head well-set upon firm shoulders, dark eyes that were very hard, bright, and alert, and a decided look of resolution.

Her niece Jessie, though a girl of seventeen, might at the first glance have been taken for a child—for she was small almost to dwarfishness; and the bright glory of golden hair that fell in soft close curls about her neck and shoulders added to her infantine look. There was a reason for that childish-looking coiffure, for Jessie's spine had a painful curve that at the shoulders almost amounted to a hump, and the bright locks helped to cover the deformity. Otherwise, Jessie was rather a pretty girl, as her features were fine and delicate, her complexion was good though pale, while her eyes, of a deep violet blue, black fringed and pathetically soft, were most beautiful.

As they rested now upon the trees in the large square they were full of vague dread. A great terror of what her aunt might do or say within the next few hours oppressed the girl. Jessie longed to have all the inevitably disagreeable things said before the bridal pair returned. But her courage failed her; she could find no words that seemed to suit the subject, and for a long time her aunt resolutely refused to speak.

At last however Miss Luxton's voice sounded through the falling shadows, and to the listener's sensitive ear there seemed something grimly threatening in the tone.

"Jessie child, come here; I want to speak a few words to you before the stranger comes."

Jessie crossed the room and obediently took her place upon the footstool at her aunt's knee; but she did find courage to protest in a deprecatory fashion against her curious phrase.

"'The stranger,' aunt Regina? We must not speak in that way of my father's wife."

Miss Luxton's hard eyes brightened with a fierce steely glitter as she answered slowly—

"She is your father's wife, but she is, and she always will be, a stranger to me, and, I hope, to you, Jessie."

The strong slender hand raised the drooping head, the keen glance searched the pretty troubled face, and the imperious woman frowned as she read something that did not please her.

"I see," she remarked, with quiet scorn, "you are what your mother was before you, Jessie—most miserably pitiably weak, the destined prey of any one who chooses to take the trouble to cajole you. I suppose you mean to desert me and swear friendship with this girl who has entrapped your father into marrying her?"

"Desert you? No!" Jessie answered, with what for her was absolute energy. "You are cruel when you speak like that, aunt Regina. No one could ever be quite what you have been. You have filled my mother's place!"

"And you would throw me over for the girl who now usurps it?" was the fierce rejoinder. "You ought to hate her, Jessie, if only for your mother's sake."

"Why?" Jessie asked, with timid earnestness. "I am very stupid, perhaps, but I cannot see the matter in that light. Papa was a good husband, was he not?"

Miss Luxton raised her dark brows and compressed her thin lips.

"He was married only a couple of years, and his wife adored him," she replied, evading the direct question.

"And he has mourned my poor young mother truly for eighteen years," Jessie murmured dreamily, more to herself than to her aunt. "In those years, aunt Ina, he had lived only for you and me, and surely now he has the right to be happy in his own way?"

"The right to make a fool of himself in his old age, to become the laughing-stock of all who have hitherto looked up to him! Yes, he has that right, and has used it!" exclaimed Miss Luxton, with a sardonic laugh.

Jessie's blue eyes grew bright with anger, and she raised her golden head with a quick proud gesture that well became the childish little creature.

"My father would never be a laughing-stock, aunt Ina," she said firmly; "and the world is hardly likely to reconsider its verdict now and pronounce Professor Forrest a fool!"

"The world! What do you know of the world, child?" was the bitterly contemptuous answer. "Do you think it troubles itself with the vagaries of fools? No; the follies of wise men are its choicest food for mirth; and, since it has chosen to call your father wise——"

"And he is wise!" Jessie interrupted hotly. "No one knows that better or understands and appreciates him more than you. I have heard him call you his neophyte, his fellow-worker in his great experiments, and say that no other woman and few men could have helped him as you did. Aunt Ina—what is it?"

For Miss Luxton had risen abruptly, almost pushing the girl from her stool in the sharp sudden movement, and stood with her face turned aside, with one hand pressed to her long slender throat, as though she felt some sudden choking pain.

"Are you ill?" inquired the girl timidly, bewildered by this sudden show of agitation in her stern and stately aunt.

Miss Luxton laughed, but the laugh sounded more like an angry sob.

"Ill? No, child. Your eloquence amused me, that is all. So you think that all these years I have admired your father, Jessie? Well, in a sense you are right. The great chemist, the eloquent expounder of novel and startling theories, has had my admiration in common with that of the rest of the world. But he has never been great out of his laboratory or away from the institution. In every-day life he is the weakest, the most unreliable of men. I knew that long before he set the seal upon his weakness by marrying a girl young enough to be his daughter."

Aunt Regina spoke with an energy that frightened the girl; her eyes flashed, and her lips quivered with a fierce passion. In all her previous life Jessie had never seen her aunt so moved. She found herself pitying her for she hardly knew what, and anxious to tender consolation on what account she could not say.

"I should care more than she," Jessie thought, in a bewildered fashion; "and yet, if papa is comfortable, I do not care. He has a right to be happy. He is so good, and he has been kind to us so long."

Something of this she said in her hesitating uncertain fashion, but Miss Luxton hardly appeared to listen to the words.

"He cannot be happy—he has no right to expect it!" she said. "The girl must be a mere brainless heartless creature who has sold herself for money to a rich old man!"

"Aunt Regina, how can you say such cruel things? My father is not old."

"Only between fifty and sixty; and the bride scarcely twenty, I believe!"

"But any girl might love papa," Jessie persisted bravely; "and it is not fair to say such things about his wife. You know how he met and married her."

"I know he was trapped, as the young lady would probably have tried to trap any other Englishman," was the reply. "You will stir me to no sympathy on that point, Jessie. I know that 'vagabond heroines' are rather fashionable just now, but even in fiction I do not share the popular taste, much less when I met them in real life."

Jessie gave vent to a forlorn little sigh. It seemed so hopeless to attempt to combat her aunt's unreasonable prejudice, and yet she was too loyal to her father not to make another protest.

"You can hardly call Eva a 'vagabond heroine,' aunt Ina. Colonel Ellison had to live abroad for his health, and, though they only met at Monaco by accident, he was one of papa's oldest friends."

Miss Luxton shrugged her shoulders with ill-disguised contempt.

"It is an ideal marriage from your point of view, no doubt," she remarked acidly; "but I am older, though, no doubt, less wise than you; and in the blue sky I see gathering clouds. Well, come what may, Redmond Forrest will have no right to complain; he has chosen his own fate, and has wrecked his life with his own hands."

The daylight never seemed to last long in the grim square, built in with tall dark-hued houses, and filled with dusky smoke-grimed trees. The great room was now in semi-darkness, illumined only by the leaping firelight, which played upon Jessie's fragile white-robed figure and glistening golden hair, as well as upon Miss Luxton's dark velvet dress and vengefully shining eyes.

The elder lady stood with one white hand clasped on the back of a tall chair, looking, so Jessie thought with a thrill of nervous terror, like the priestess of some hard and cruel creed pronouncing a solemn anathema. Jessie could hardly bear to think of it. It seemed to her that she saw her father in some actual peril and must make a wild effort to save him.

"Aunt Ina—what dreadful forebodings!" she exclaimed, with a broken hysterical sound, half laugh, half cry. "You must not speak like that to-day. However angry you may be, you surely do not wish papa any harm? You have not forgotten all the years you have spent together, all that you have been to each other since my mother's death?"

"Speak of what you understand, child!" was the cruel reply. "I foretell only what must come."

Jessie said no more. What could she say when all her best-considered arguments served only to incite her aunt to greater bitterness? Moreover, the servant came in just then, bearing lamps and the tea-tray with its silver kettle and quaint cups. Discussion would have been impossible with him in the room, and perhaps both women welcomed the interruption.

But, though she was silent, the girl's thoughts were none the less busy with the problem presented by the changed conditions of her existence. In half an hour more her father would be home, bringing with him the young stranger who was now his wife, one whose name had not been familiar to her three months ago, for the Professor's wooing had been as rapid as romantic, and the news of his marriage had come upon them as a great surprise.

In Jessie's case the surprise had been almost entirely free from jealous bitterness. She never thought that her father would cease to care for her because he had another claim on his affection; she admired, loved, and trusted him so absolutely that she really and sincerely thought that all he did must needs be right simply because he did it.

"I hope she will make him happy," had been the first fervent wish of her heart as she despatched her warm-hearted, schoolgirl letter of congratulation that Professor Forrest and his wife read together on their bridal trip. The second and less hopeful one was, "I hope she and aunt Ina will agree."

The latter thought recurred to Jessie now as she sat musing in the firelight. But the wish had died to the faintest shadow of a hope now. Regina Luxton, in her present frame of mind, would hardly welcome or agree with an angel if she came in the shape of a sister-in-law.

"Poor aunt Ina, it is hard on her!" the girl decided wistfully. "She has been so long accustomed to think of herself as mistress here and as being everything to papa and me. I wish she would bear it better. But it is hard."

It was hard—harder than Jessie in her innocence knew or dreamed of. She knew that Mrs. Forrest's coming would dethrone the late Mrs. Forrest's sister, that henceforth all power must pass from the capable hands of her aunt.

The girl guessed that she felt her enforced abdication keenly, but she did not know that Miss Luxton had lost more than place and power; that her brother-in-law's unlooked-for marriage had at one blow destroyed a hope fanatically cherished, and the one great purpose of her life. Perhaps it was well that no gleam of comprehension crossed the girl's innocent thoughts. She might then have shrunk from her aunt as well as pitied her.

The clock on the mantel-board chimed out six silvery strokes, and before it had finished striking the sound of carriage wheels and a loud rat-tat at the door roused Miss Luxton and her niece from their diverse reveries and announced the arrival of the bridal pair.

Jessie sprang to her feet with a little nervous cry, her pretty face flushing with excitement, her lovely eyes sparkling, and moved quickly towards the door. Miss Luxton rose, too, but did not move forward a steps. With a pale face, her eyes glittering with a hard defiant brightness, she stood very still, stern and statuesque by the tall chair, an imposing half-threatening tragic figure, and the first the bride's eyes fell upon as she entered the room by her husband's side.

CHAPTER II.

THAT first entrance was rather embarrassing, alike to the new comers and to those who recieved them. Jessie, the least self-conscious and deeply moved of the party, dispelled the awkwardness by springing into her father's arms and kissing him repeatedly, crying in her pretty earnest voice—

"Oh, papa, dear papa, welcome, welcome home!"

Professor Forrest had always loved his fragile little daughter very dearly, but never perhaps quite so well as then. He held her for a second in a close embrace, then, brushing the soft fleecy locks back from the eager face, he said gently—

"Thank you, my darling; but you must give a double welcome to-day. Eva"—turning to the quietly waiting girl beside him "this is my little Jessie. This is your new mother, Jessie; you two must learn to love each other for my sake."

"Will you try, Jessie?" the new-comer asked, in a voice that did not jar on Jessie's nervously sensitive ear, it was so low-toned and pathetically sweet. "Will you let me love you, dear?"

Jessie did not answer at once. She was looking shyly from under those dark-fringed lashes of hers, studying the new-comer with eyes that, for all their dreamy softness, were very clear-sighted and keen.

She saw a girl, perhaps three or four years older than herself, to whom her heart warmed with an instinctive sympathy, and she felt at once that she could both like and trust her.

Eva Forrest was not the startling beauty that Jessie had somehow fancied she would be; but her small clear-featured face, framed in softly waving brown hair, was very delicate and sweet, and her large velvety brown eyes looked as though they could be very eloquent in moments of tenderness and passion.

The little critic liked them, and the frank appeal they made to her generosity. Jessie answered in characteristic fashion by holding her face up for a kiss.

"I am sure I shall like you," she replied, with subdued energy—"I am sure you are good and kind."

Regina Luxton frowned and bit her under-lip to keep back an angry exclamation, but with imperfect success. The sound that came across the room recalled Professor Forrest to a knowledge of her presence and of the solecism he had committed.

"Regina, I beg ten thousand pardons," he said hastily and with evident sincerity.

The Professor was vexed beyond measure that he should have seemed to slight the woman he held in such high esteem, and to whom he was so sincerely grateful, in the very moment in which he displaced her.

"You must blame not me," but my obtrusive Jessie. I really thought she was alone in the room."

He talked with nervous quickness, evidently awkward and ill at ease under the cold condemning glance of Miss Luxton's fine eyes. When he paused, the latter said, with frigid composure.

"Jessie is always impulsive. But there is no need to apologize; your daughter was naturally the first person to be introduced to your wife."

"Yes." Professor Forrest drew a long breath, half of bewilderment, half of relief. Did his sister-in-law mean to take things more comfortably than he had been inclined to fear? Her manner was not reassuring certainly, but her words were reasonable enough. Well, he would accept their surface meaning and not to try to read disagreeable things between the lines.

"Yes, Jessie comes first," he repeated; "and after her you, who have filled her mother's place. Eva, this is Miss Luxton, my sister, of whom you have often heard me speak. Regina, my wife."

"Your sister-in-law," Miss Luxton corrected, with a significant emphasis. "I am only that, Redmond, and that is a tie which you can break at pleasure."

Professor Forrest's fine face flushed like that of a snubbed school-boy, and for a moment he was thoroughly taken aback. But he recovered himself in a moment, the more quickly perhaps because of the frightened look in Eva's eyes, and answered without any show of anger—

"As you please, Ina, though I do not think that ties of love and usance are so easily snapped. But, sister or sister-in-law, you will at least welcome my wife."

There was a ring of authority in the light pleasant tone, a look of determination in the gray eyes, to which, for the present at least, Regina Luxton thought it wiser to submit. She extended her long white hand and said, with a smile of cold civility that would have chilled most people—

"So far as my power to welcome you extends, Mrs. Forrest, you are welcome home."

The lady addressed murmured some shy barely audible answer, to which the other did not even pretend to listen. She was studying, with eyes that were as keenly critical as Jessie's had been a minute or so back, the bride and bridegroom as they stood together in the light of the lamp and the rosy glow of the fire.

They did not present a picture in which even the angry fancy of a jealous and embittered woman could find any shocking incongruity, despite the wide gulf of years between them—that gulf which, as Regina Luxton told herself with angry satisfaction, no love could ever span, and which she hoped with winked earnestness would widen day by day.

"A man between fifty and sixty," she had called her brother-in-law, but in truth Redmond Forrest had only just touched the half century, and bore his years lightly and yet with dignity. If not absolutely a handsome man, he was at least a stately and picturesque one, looking far more like a soldier than a student or man of science.

He was tall, erect, and slender, with keen bright eyes, a face full of character, with brown mustache and hair just turning gray. He looked no unfit protector and companion for the pretty girl to whom his eyes turned with such loving pride as she and Jessie talked together softly in the fire-glow.

It was a pretty domestic picture that would have pleased most women; but Regina Luxton's thoughts only hardened and grew more savagely bitter as she looked. For seventeen years her sister's husband and her sister's child had been all in all to her, and she had been enough for them. But now a stranger had come between them—one who had a right to the first place in Redmond Forrest's heart and thoughts—a stranger who seemed in some inexplicable fashion to have the power of drawing Jessie to her at once.

"Jessie!" cried Miss Luxton, so sharply that they all turned and looked at her.

The girl came across the room with a look of quick appealing terror in her eyes. Miss Luxton had a curious desire to rate her for her disloyalty, but a lingering gleam of common-sense or perhaps Redmond Forrest's quick stern glance restrained her, and she only said—

"You keep Mrs. Forrest from her tea, Jessie, with your foolish chatter. She must be tired after her journey."

"Oh, I am sorry!" replied Jessie, with an ingenious blush that made her little face downright pretty. "You are tired, are you not?"—to her newly-arrived mother.

"A little," Eva answered, with a grateful smile.

She had dreaded her reception more than her husband knew; and, if Miss Luxton was a little more awe-inspiring than she had feared, Jessie was sweeter, brighter, and better than she had dared to hope. She felt that she should love her little step daughter very dearly in the days to come.

"And you will be glad of tea? It is only just in. I am so glad! Aunt Ina"—with a quick appealing glance at Miss Luxton, who made no movement however towards her usual place at the table—"Mrs. Forrest will take tea; and it is ready."

"So I see, my dear, and so you have told us before," Miss Luxton observed composedly, settling her velvet skirt in straighter folds, and herself more comfortably in her high straight-backed chair. "I think Mrs. Forrest is very wise."

Jessie and Eva flushed in sudden sympathy with each other's distress. It was impossible to misunderstand Miss Luxton's meaning; her renunciation of all household authority was theatrically sudden and complete. Jessie wondered angrily if her aunt thought it possible for the younger stranger to sit down, gloved and in her traveling-dress, to assume the duties of hostess at once.

Professor Forrest smiled reassuringly at the two girls, and they both thought it a sore-hearted smile at best. He felt Regina Luxton's rudeness keenly, but his resentment was softened by a little lurking half-unconscious remorse; and, with an attempt at laughing ease, he asked—

"Cannot you play the hostess for once, Jessie? Mrs. Forrest is too dusty and travel-stained to be trusted near that dainty table."

"And I do so want a cup of tea, Jessie!" Eva added, in her soft pretty voice, with a smile that in its magnetic sympathy seemed to draw the two girls together and make them friends at once.

Jessie in her timidity made sad mistakes. She distributed tea, cream, and sugar quite at random and without the least reference to the consumer's taste. With an energy worthy of a better cause she pressed sweet cake upon her father, who had twice refused it, and upon her aunt, who acknowledged the attention only by a contemptuous stare.

Presently the two girls drew together and chatted so easily and pleasantly that Redmond Forrest felt it would be well to leave them and turn his attention to the more impracticable member of the group.

He crossed over, cup in hand, to the fire-lit corner in which Miss Luxton sat in solitary state, untouched by the brightness that was so near, and yet had no power to draw within its charmed circle. He looked at the proud rigid face for a second or so, then took a chair beside the woman, who did not even condescend to show that she was of his presence until he spoke.

"Regina," he said, in a low hurried tone that was altogether unlike Professor Forrest's usual clear deliberate utterance, "you are angry with me? You think that I have not treated you well?"

"Do I complain?" Regina asked coldly.

The Professor never guessed how much it cost her to maintain that rigid calm and keep back the words of scorn, anger, and passionate reproach that pressed to her lips.

"Complain? No. But complaints are not the only weapons of the offended. Regina"—he drew a little nearer and looked at the dark face with keen anxiety—"it is not to be a quarrel between you and me? We have never quarreled yet."

"Never—yet," she repeated, in a hard mechanical tone.

"And we will not quarrel now," the man said energetically. "You are offended. I began to think you have some right to be—at least, as you see things. Some day I will explain more fully the circumstances that hurried on my marriage."

"I think I understand them," Regina Luxton remarked, glancing across at the two girls and smiling in most contemptuous fashion. "Mrs. Forrest is a very pretty girl and, I have no doubt, a charmingly captivating one. The reasons that urged you to marry her at once, without regard to others' feelings or claims upon you, are not so hard to find."

Redmond Forrest's eyes sparkled angrily; but he bit his lip to keep back the quick retort that came so readily to the tip of his tongue, and answered proudly, after a moment's pause—

"My wife is all you say, and is as good as she is pretty; but you will learn to know her better soon. Jessie seems at ease with her already."

"Jessie is an unsuspicious child. She has not learned to discriminate as yet between friends and foes."

"Eva will be both friend and companion to her; they will agree well if you do not come between them. Promise me, Regina, that you will not do that!"

Miss Luxton's long white hands locked in a tighter clasp upon her lap; but she answered, in a quiet matter-of-course tone—

"A wholly unnecessary promise on my part that would be, Redmond. I shall, I suppose, see very little of you or Mrs. Forrest or even Jessie in the day to come."

The Professor bent suddenly forward and looked long and searchingly at the pale angry face.

"You mean that?" he inquired, in a tone as low as her own. "You mean to desert me and Jessie after all these years?"

"I mean to leave the house that has another mistress after all these years."

Redmond Forrest moved his head impatiently.

"Another mistress!" he echoed, in a vexed tone. "Eva is, as you say, a child in some things still, and one who, through her father's wandering habits, has known nothing of domestic life. It was precisely of this that I wished to speak to you, Regina. If you desert me now, you leave me in a house without a head and in charge of two young girls instead of one."

His tone, which had at first been full of petulant irritation, grew earnest and pleading as he warmed with his theme. Perhaps, in his anxiety to soothe the woman's wounded pride, he pressed his point with even more fervor than he felt. He was very fond of his young wife—had learned to love her indeed with a depth of passion of which at his years he was a little inclined to be ashamed; but he shrank, man like, from a change in the domestic dynasty.

Regina Luxton had made him and Jessie supremely comfortable for many years, and he could see no reason why she should not manage for three what she had done so long and so well for two.

"Eva will not want to interfere," he thought, casting a rapid glance across the room at the unconscious girl. "She will be glad to shift the burden of domestic cares and live her bright young life out in the sunshine. She is too young, too delicate and pretty for such drudgery. Now Regina is a born manager, and delights in the work. No—come what will, Regina must stay!"

So he used every persuasive art to change his sister-in-law's determination; but Regina was for a long while inflexible, putting aside each argument with the curt answer—

"I have finished my work here; it is time that I went."

At last he chanced upon a plea that moved her strongly, that made the firm lips quiver, and the dark eyes sparkle with a half-angry glow. It had seemed the last and weakest arrow in his quiver, yet it, and it alone, went home.

"You rob me of much more than a housekeeper," he remarked in answer to her cold suggestion that her place should be taken by hired help, who could easily instruct Mrs. Forrest in the duties before her. "Do you forget our studies, Regina? Do you think that any hireling—that Jessie, or even Eva herself could take your place—you, my pupil long, my helper now?"

The dark face quivered and brightened. Regina half rose, with some eager inarticulate phrase upon her lips, then checked herself with sudden sternness, resumed her seat, and answered almost quietly—

"Well, I will consider what you say. I am a lonely woman, Redmond. It would be hard to part with my sister's child—my strongest interest in life. And I suppose you would not give Jessie to me?"

"No—I would keep you with her," Redmond answered, with a triumphant smile. "And I have conquered you at last, Regina! You will stay?"

"Yes—I will stay for Jessie's sake and yours if it is Mrs. Forrest's desire."

"I will soon set your mind at rest on that point. Eva, come here, my darling!"

Mrs. Forrest rose obediently at the summons and came over to where her husband stood, Jessie, like a shadow, walking by her side.

"Miss Luxton has been a sister to me and a mother to Jessie for more years than I care to count, Eva," he explained, with a grave tenderness that thrilled to the girl's affectionate heart, "and she has pained me very much by talking of leaving us."

Jessie's blue eyes filled with sudden tears, and she turned her pale dismayed face from one to the other.

"Oh, no, aunt Ina!" she cried with childish affectionate energy. "You must not go! What shall I do without you? Oh, tell her she must not, papa!"

"I have done so already," replied the Professor, "and your aunt tells me that she will stay if"—he turned and laid one hand upon his young wife's slight shoulder—"if you desire it."

Eva hesitated for a second, then turned towards Miss Luxton, whose eyes searched her face with merciless scrutiny, and said, with pretty girlish eagerness—

"Do stay, Miss Luxton, and help us all! Do stay, or I shall be sorry that I ever came!"

Miss Luxton smiled grimly over the last phrase; it seemed a strangely ill-chosen one to her. But she only replied with curt ungraciousness—

"Since you profess to wish it I will stay; but never forget, Mrs. Forrest, that it is at your request."

Eva did not answer. She had done her duty, and won as a reward her husband's approving glance, and a grateful hand-squeeze from Jessie. Yet she felt vaguely sorry and uneasy, and her uneasiness would surely have increased could she have read Regina Luxton's thoughts.

"Stay, or I shall be sorry I ever came," the latter echoed, with triumphant irony. "I will stay; I think that your prophecy will be fulfilled, Mrs. Redmond Forrest, and that one day you will own you were sorry you came."

"Poor Eva," exclaimed Jessie, raising her eyes compassionately to her young step-mother's face—"it hurts you to talk of those old times and of your father! It was cruel to ask so many questions."

"No, no, indeed!" Eva answered, eagerly brushing back the golden curls from the pretty forehead. "You could not be cruel if you tried, you dear tender-hearted little thing, and I like to talk of the past. I would rather bear pain than forget my dear, dear father!"

"You loved him then as much as I love papa—only you two were always together?"

"Always. He took me from school when I was quite a little girl, Jessie, and we wandered about for ever after. He always said we were sworn comrades, who knew each other's ways, as well as father and child."

"Ah, my father and I could never be that," Jessie said, with a shake of her fleecy curls and a little envy in her tone, "because with us there has always been aunt Ina! Now, with you there was no one else."

Eva did not answer; she was staring absently into the bright fire that glowed in the pretty tiled grate; and, looking at the delicate rose flush on the rounded cheeks, the curious light in the girl's velvety-brown eyes, Jessie felt suddenly and strongly convinced that Colonel Ellison and his daughter had not been absolutely alone.

"Were you quite alone, Eva," she inquired—"I mean in all the years that you were traveling about in out-of-the-way places and quaint foreign towns? Of course you made friends and parted with them again; but it seems so strange that you should have had no one."

"We had some one," Eva replied, with something like an effort and with evidently nervous haste—"whenever he could run over to see us—my cousin, Jack Venables."

"Jack Venables!" Jessie repeated, with lively curiosity. "I like this name; it sounds interesting. Who is he? What is he? Where is he, and shall I ever see him, Eva?"

"He is in America, I believe, and, as I told you, he is my cousin—my mother's sister's son."

Mrs. Forrest spoke abruptly, almost harshly, not at all as she was in the habit of answering the girl who had won a warm corner in her heart. Jessie had shown no trace of the traditional step-daughter's jealousy, but had liked her step-mother and had frankly shown that liking from the first.

But Jessie was too deeply interested in the subject to notice anything strange in her companion's tone, and pursued her inquiries.

"Yes, but that is very meagre information. I want the skeleton outline filled in. I have known so few people, not one young person intimately until you came. You were better off than I, for you had a cousin at least. Tell me something about him. Is he nice?"

"That is not an easy question to answer; people's ideas as to that differ, Jessie."

"Ah, but did you think him nice? Is he clever, handsome, and agreeable, and all that sort of thing?"

"Yes," Eva Forrest returns curtly.

Jessie clapped her hands, childishly pleased with the result of her cross-examination.

"Oh, that is delightful! What is he? Soldier or sailor?"

"Neither," Eva answered, with an impatient sigh; "he is an artist or a poet—I hardly know which. Oh, you may picture him as romantically as you please! Your first sight of Jack would hardly disenchant you."

"Better and better! Why, Eva, fancy keeping such a hero of romance all to yourself! We have been friends for six weeks now—why did you never mention him before? Oh, I hope I shall see him some day!"

"And I hope you never will!" returned Eva, her eyes lighting up and her voice ringing with passionate earnestness. "But you will not, Jessie. Your paths can never cross—thank Heaven!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Is HE such an unlucky man?" asked Mrs. Mugge. "Unlucky? What, that man gets toothache in his false teeth."

THE SEASONS.

BY A. E. B.

Gone, the white hawthorn Spring,
  May, with her dewy eyes and fragrant hours,
The wanton swallows sporting on the wing,
  June, with her heavy wealth of crimson flowers,
Gone the broad, grateful shade
  Of grand old trees, that mocked the July glare,
The thick-fanned chestnuts, and the fern-girt glade,
  Are stripp'd and bare!
Autumn hath dropp'd his leaves,
  Yellow, and red, and sere;
His purple fruits, his golden-bearded sheaves,
  Crown the long-teeming year.
Reigns the last king of all,
  Stern, white, and cold—
Birth—Life—Decay—and Death:
  The tale is told!

The Virtue In "If."

BY H. P. L.

THEODORE, you must marry. I cannot allow you to moon about in this unsatisfactory way any longer. You have reached the age of thirty-five, yet here you are with no ties, no duties, no interests—no one to think of or spend your money upon save yourself. As a natural consequence you are miserable. You must take a wife."

"A wife might worry me."

"Then let her worry you. Surely anything is better than dull drifting."

"It is all very fine for you to talk, Pindar," said Theodore, in a slightly nettled tone, "but you've taken good care to steer clear of wives yourself. A bachelor of fifty hasn't much right to preach matrimony to men younger than himself—but that's the way with you parsons."

Here the speaker broke off, the langor induced by an afternoon pipe triumphing over indignation. He stretched his legs a little further out, nestled his head a little deeper amidst the soft cushions of his armchair, and with an air of mild melancholy awaited the next utterance of his friend.

Mr. Theodore Vane was in one respect a much-to-be-envied person. At the age of twenty-four he had unexpectedly succeeded to an estate bringing in a clever seven thousand a year. No drawbacks accuring therefrom, not even a poor relation who could beseech a pension. An utter absence of relatives was perhaps the sole disadvantage under which his manhood suffered; there were none to control, none to direct, none even to advise with authority.

So this favorite of fortune, young, rich, healthy, handsome, drifted to and fro like a spar on the sea, and none could tell what would be the end of him. A strange inability to keep long to any course was his. Everything had been tried—save matrimony—and everything had been cast aside as not worth pursuing. His last experiment had been foreign travel, and in Switzerland he had come across the Rev. Paul Pindar, Rector of St. Gabriel's, Stainbourne, Hants, a man who had visited at his father's vicarage in the old days.

Mr. Pindar was of a very different type to the moveless Theodore; nevertheless, the two became friends. The memory of the old days was a bond between: the clergyman felt that this drifting spar should be brought into harbor if possible, and that it was only the right hand of an old friend should point the way.

Theodore was now visiting his newfound friend for the first time. Host and guest formed a contrast as they sat facing each other in the bay-window of the Rectory dining-room. The clergyman was broad and athletic in figure, had strong, well-cut features, a clean-shaven face, and a marked air of distinction. At the first glance it was perceivable he was a gentleman, and when he spoke, his extremely refined utterance strengthened conviction.

Theodore was indisputably handsome; embodied in marble his profile would have been perfect, but despite blue eyes and a fine head of curling chestnut hair, a weak and somewhat peevish expression marred him as a living being. His figure too spoke of weakness; he stooped, and his general air lacked the distinction so observable in his friend.

The two had but late returned from lunching at a house in the neighborhood, "The Grove," occupied by Mrs. Hooker, a widow with four daughters. The four Miss Hookers were all pretty, all unmarried, and all at home. The sight of so much unwedded charm had no doubt prompted Mr. Pindar to make the foregoing remarks to his eligible friend. A short silence now fell between the pair. Theodore's last observations had touched some long silent chord in the elderly clergyman's heart; he flushed, and seemed to find it difficult to frame his reply.

"At fifty a man's life lies behind him, Theodore," he observed at length, "and I own that mine has been full of grievous mistakes. You at thirty-five can still be said to have your life before you, and I should be sorry to think that the day could ever come when you would feel as I often feel now, that the hearth is very desolate, and the heart very empty."

"Well, if it comes to that, a man can marry even at fifty. Some one the same age, you see, or possibly younger. There are always women thankful to marry anybody—at least—I don't mean that you're anybody of course——"

"I am quite aware of that, my boy," interrupted Mr. Pindar, with a good-humored smile, "I know I'm nobody. Unfortunately a nobody of fifty who does not rejoice in a big income has not much pick and choice, and I fear I am a little fastidious where women are concerned. I cannot reasonably expect any young and charming woman to marry me; and"—here he gave a little laugh—"I don't think I could bring myself to marry an old and unattractive one."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Theodore, roused into actual amusement. "Imagine it! Cat on the hearth, spectacles, knitting, squeaks of pain from rheumatism—not quite up to that yet, eh! Mr. Paul Pindar? Well, I suppose I am still entitled to choose from the young, but I'm so awfully afraid of choosing the wrong woman. If I could only be sure of marrying the right one, I'd marry to-morrow."

"Now attend to me, Theodore. Seriously speaking, I have shown you this afternoon as pretty, nice, well brought-up girls as can be found in any English county. All different styles, and each in her own style admirable. Now there's Mary, the second girl, only twenty-six, a thoroughly kind-hearted, good-natured creature, full of energy and spirits, brimming over with health, and such lovely hair and complexion."

"Ah! but she's too fat. And almost too rosy. If she were thinner now, and a trifle less highly colored."

"Then what do you say to Lizzie, the third one? A really clever girl, and most accomplished. And such vivacity. You could never feel dull with so lively a creature in the house. She has her fair share of good looks, too; no man need feel ashamed of seeing her at the head of his table."

"Yes, but she's very thin, and she talks in almost too sharp a way. If she were a trifle fatter, now, and——"

"Ah! well, there's still Daisy. She is a beauty. No man with eyes in his head can deny that. In a year or two she will be superb. But she's rather young, perhaps, only eighteen, a great gap between her and Lizzie."

"Oh yes, she's too young. Besides, she might be rude. I saw her very rude to Lizzie once this afternoon."

"Lizzie tries her a little hardy sometimes. I have personally a strong penchant for Daisy. There is a great deal of good material in the little. It is a little trying to her no doubt to have so many elder sisters."

"Yes," laughed Theodore, "all bent on keeping the beauty in the background until they've disposed of their own charms. I wonder that eldest one, Veronica, has never married. To my mind she is the most attractive-looking one of the lot."

"Oh, incomparably!" exclaimed Mr. Pindar, with so much energy that Theodore looked quite impressed.

"Oh, you think so too, do you?" he said, then gave himself up to silent reflection for a moment or two. "Yes," he presently went on, "a very attractive woman. A pretty name; Veronica! Veronica; sounds like Desdemona, some how. She's a good figure—very good taste in dress I should say—and charming manner, certainly charming manner—sweet sort of face too. If only she were a bit younger now."

"Oh, she's decidedly too old for you; most unsuitable," said Mr. Pindar, getting up, and knocking the ashes rather violently out of his pipe. "She is Mrs. Hooker's step-daughter, belongs to a first family, must be quite your own age. The younger ones would suit you better than Veronica."

"I don't know that they would," said Theodore perversely. "Why shouldn't a man marry a woman his own age? You're very likely to have the same tastes, like the same things, if you're the same age. Now, when a man of thirty-five marries quite a young girl, he's seen everything and done everything, and she wants to see everything and do everything; then rows begin about seeing and doing everything, and it all ends badly. Newspapers full of that sort of thing; read a case of that only the other day. I liked that girl. She looks nice on a lawn, and there is a good deal of lawn down at my place."

Mr. Pindar looked annoyed. "I am of Shakespeare's opinion," he said;

> " 'Let still the woman take
> An elder than herself: so wears she to him,
> So sways she level in her husband's heart.' "

"I can't think why she has never married," went on Theodore, with unaffected indifference to Shakespeare; "do you happen to know?"

"I have never sought to find out Miss Hooker's private affairs," replied Mr. Pindar, rising and speaking very stiffly, "and even if I had been confided in I should not dream of making them the subject of idle discussion."

It would have been evident to most people that he was getting irritated, but Theodore was a little obtuse of perception.

"One thing I noticed," he went on calmly, "she has uncommonly pretty feet. Did you ever notice her feet, Pindar?"

"I am not in the habit of noticing ladies' feet," replied Mr. Pindar a little sharply.

"Oh, you parsons!" exclaimed Theodore with an incredulous chuckle.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Pindar with an impatient movement, "but I have an hour's work I must do before dinner. Perhaps you'll take a stroll meanwhile."

"Oh, I'm all right, don't distress yourself about me. I'll have another smoke. So nice in this arm-chair with sun streaming in and bees humming outside. I'll just imagine I'm at home, with Veronica as my wife; and if it seems pleasant—— Good heavens! what a bang! Can't the man shut a door quietly after him?"

Ten days later, Mrs. Hooker gave a garden-party to which she invited all the chief families in the neighborhood, the Rector and his friend being naturally included. There was great excitement at the Grove on the day of the event. No pains were spared to make the house and grounds look their very best, and when the girls came down ready dressed at four o'clock it was evident they had spared no pains on themselves. Mrs. Hooker looked at them with pardonable pride when she joined them on the lawn.

"You all look very nice," she said approvingly. "I don't know when you have looked so well, Mary; that new dress is most becoming. I am glad you are wearing white, Lizzie and Daisy; I do like young people in white. I'm very fond of that soft mauve dress of yours, Veronica, though it's not new. It makes you look younger than anything else you wear."

The younger girls beamed, but Veronica winced as though there were some hidden sting in her step-mother's words.

"I wonder whether Mr. Pindar and his friend will come late or early," went on Mrs. Hooker, settling her matronly form in a large garden-chair.

The girls looked embarrassed for a moment. Not one of them would have confessed it, but all had a guilty consciousness the garden-party had been given by their mother solely for the sake of Mr. Pindar's eligible friend. Mary spoke first.

"Oh, they'll come some time," she remarked, with a great assumption of carelessness.

"Really, Mary, how clever of you to know that!" exclaimed Lizzie pertly. "Was it natural intuition which led you to the knowledge or intense study of the probabilities?"

"You're both equally anxious on the subject, anyway," remarked Daisy.

"Little girls should be seen and not heard," rejoined Lizzie sharply. Daisy was ready with an equally sharp retort, but Mrs. Hooker interfered.

"Now, girls, no squabbling!" she said authoritatively. "Mary, remember Mr. Vane plays tennis with you against Mr. Paget and Lizzie, on the best court. You two had better go and see if the net is all right."

"I don't see why I should be marked off beforehand for Mr. Paget," said Lizzie, discontentedly to her sister, as they walked off to the tennis court. "Mr. Vane might be allowed to choose his own partner."

"Never mind, we shall be all playing together," remarked the good-natured Mary; "and really it is just as well to arrange everything for Mr. Vane, for he never seems able to decide anything for himself."

Mrs. Hooker next sent Daisy to rearrange the position of some chairs and rugs, and then she turned to Veronica and said—

"Don't you think Mary looks remarkably well this afternoon?"

"Yes, I do," replied Veronica, pleasantly; "blue suits her complexion so admirably. But I always admire Mary, she is so bonnie-looking."

"I think Mr. Vane decidedly admires her," went on the complacent mother; "has it struck you so? He has been here so much this last week, scarcely an afternoon that he has not strolled up."

"Yes, he has been here a good deal," said Veronica; "but so far his attentions seem to me to have been equally divided."

"I don't agree with you. The day before yesterday he showed most attention to Mary."

"And the time before that to Lizzie," remarked Veronica quietly.

"And yesterday to you, Veronica," put in Daisy, who had returned.

"Ah, that reminds me! I want to give you a little hint, Veronica," went on Mrs. Hooker, "and you are such a sensible woman, I am sure you will take it in good part. You may not choose to allow it, but I do think Mr. Vane particularly admires Mary. And yesterday I noticed once or twice that you detained him talking when I felt sure he would have been glad of an excuse to join Mary. With your tact you could so easily have given him the chance."

"You are mistaken, mother," answered Veronica. "I am incapable of detaining a man by my side against his will. Whatever conversation Mr. Vane has had with me has been of his own seeking; and if he has at any time stayed too long talking to me he has done so not from necessity, but from inclination."

There was a deep flush on Veronica's face as she spoke, but her manner was full of dignity. Mrs. Hooker looked up at the tall graceful figure standing so erect by her side, and felt a little small. Veronica was only a penniless step-daughter, often felt to be de trop in the house; nevertheless she compelled from the family much unwilling admiration and repect.

"Oh, my dear, I was not blaming you, or insinuating anything, of course," exclaimed Mrs. Hooker half apologetically, "only you know, you being the age you are—I mean, Mr. Vane being comparatively a young man—of course, though gentlemen always like talking to you so much—he could not regard you as—as—well, he might possibly think of Mary as a wife, and it would be such a good thing for her, you see."

"I quite see. Pray don't trouble to say more, mother," said Veronica, moving away, now looking very pale.

"I hope no one will talk to me like that when I am thirty-five!" said Daisy looking indignantly at her mother.

The remark was unheeded, for at that moment Mr. Pindar and Mr. Vane came suddenly into view. They were crossing the lawn in the direction Veronica had just taken. For a second Veronica half turned aside as though wishful to escape them, but she was given no choice in the matter. Perceiving her near, the gentlemen instantly bore down upon her. A few conventional remarks were exchanged, then the guests moved on to greet Mrs. Hooker.

"Miss Veronica does not look so nice today as she did yesterday," observed Theodore to his companion as they moved forward. "She looks old, has a pale, worn sort of appearance, don't you think?" He spoke in quite a disappointed tone.

Mr. Pindar made no reply. He had noticed what the younger man had failed to see; a glitter as of half-suppressed tears in the eyes of the woman who had just greeted him. And the sight had moved him deeply.

It was generally conceded afterwards that Mrs. Hooker's garden-party had been the pleasantest of the season. Mr. Pindar's was the only dissentient voice. He said he had found it spiritless and dull, and he and Theodore had almost a dispute on the point at luncheon the following day.

"I must say I thought it uncommonly well done," said Theodore, "and I don't know when I have enjoyed myself so much. Nice band, capital refreshments, and some rattling good sets of tennis. By Jove, that second Hooker girl, Mary, plays well. And didn't she look nice? There were a good many pretty girls there, but not one came up to Mary, yesterday. An uncommonly handsome girl, I call her. I admired Veronica most of the day, but she looked quite faded yesterday; was dull and uninteresting too when one talked to her. Oh, she's not in."

"Miss Hooker was not herself yesterday.

She is neither dull nor uninteresting," asserted Mr. Pindar with some warmth.

"No; I think there was something wrong. She was depressed; seemed to avoid us, I fancied. Give me a girl that's always jolly. Now I should say Mary was always jolly. 'Pon my word, I think a fellow might go further and fare worse. You are always advising me to marry, Pindar; say the word now. Shall I make the plunge?"

"With Mary?"

"With Mary."

"My dear boy," exclaimed the rector jumping up and clapping his friend delightedly on the shoulder, "you couldn't take a step that would please me more. Mary is the very girl for you, and I feel strongly that you would be both a better and a happier man if you were married. Do it by all means. Take my advice, go up to the Grove and propose before another twelve hours is over your head, and my blessing and best wishes go with you." Theodore looked impressed. It was evident the Rector was genuinely pleased and absolutely sincere in all he had just said.

"You are a good fellow, Pindar," said he; "I'm glad to have your good wishes. I'll go up there this very afternoon and I'll come back engaged to Mary."

"Mary's consent is evidently a foregone conclusion," remark Mr. Pindar with an amused smile.

Theodore laughed, a comfortable laugh, such as only a man with seven thousand a year could give on the eve of a proposal.

"Do you think this coat's good enough to go up in?" he asked, rising and surveying himself in the mirror over the mantelpiece.

"Quite," said the Rector, looking with an indulgent expression at the faultlessly cut face of his guest; "I don't think Phillida will flout you. A rosebud in the buttonhole might perhaps lend an air of sentiment—there are several in the garden."

"No, I don't think I'll wear a rosebud. Might like to ask for one up there; something to say, you know, if there's an awkward pause. I wonder if proposing is awkward? Oh, I say, Pindar, I think I'd better be off or I might change my mind."

Mr. Pindar jumped up, found Theodore's hat, presented him with it, and fairly pushed him out of the house. And so the young man started to proposed to Mary.

Very late in the evening he returned. Mr. Pindar came out into the lighted hall to greet him.

"Well," he said, "good news? But I need hardly ask. A rejected man would scarcely have stayed to dinner. Bye-the-bye though—did you propose?"

"Oh yes, I proposed.

"Accepted?"

"Yes, accepted," replied Theodore looking very low.

Strangely enough, Mr. Pindar, usually so observant, did not notice his guest's depressed manner. He was looking very excited himself.

"That's right," he said, taking Theodore's arm and leading him into his study. "I wish you joy, my dear fellow, from the bottom of my heart. But I have not a doubt of your happiness. And now let me give you a piece of news about myself; most delightful news; I can scarcely believe in my own good fortune. You know how harassed I have heretofore been as to ways and means, with my tiny income and this poor living. You know also that a distant cousin of mine, Joseph Pindar, died the other day. Well, it seems he had quarrelled with his nearest relative, a ne'er-do-weel nephew, and just before his death he made a will and left his whole fortune to me. Fifteen hundred a year and a coal-mine that will make a rich man of me before long. What do you say to that?"

"Very glad to hear it, I'm sure. Congratulate you heartily."

"Yes, we can congratulate each other now. Quite a red-letter-day this. Let me tell you, Vane, that this money means more than mere wealth to me. It opens to me a chance of happiness which I have scarcely dared to dream of before. This desolate hearth of mine may now—but no, I will not let even my thoughts dwell on it yet. Besides, joy is making me selfish. Tell me, was the fair Mary taken by surprise?"

"It isn't Mary," remarked Theodore, sitting down languidly in an arm-chair.

"Not Mary! Then in the name of heaven who is it? Not—not—man—speak! Who is it then?"

"It is Veronica."

With a gasp the Rector fell into the arm-chair facing his guest's. "Tell me, tell me!" he said huskily; "I don't understand, I thought you went up to propose to Mary."

"So I did, but somehow she turned into Veronica."

"Explain, explain; I can't take it in."

Rather rambling the young man explained how the change in the young lady had come about. There was an uncomfortable silence when he had finished his narration.

"Well, don't you congratulate me?" said Theodore a little moodily.

Mr. Pindar gave a bitter laugh. "Congratulate you!" he said, "congratulate the man who has put out his hand to gather a peony, than capriciously snaps off an exquisite lily. How about the poor lily? No, I can't congratulate you to-night; I am bewildered, unhinged. This affair of the money has unsettled me—unsettled me."

"What a funny man you are," said Theodore, looking with a puzzled expression at his friend; "you were delighted about the money a moment ago."

"Yes, but I see now it has come a little late."

"You needn't look at it in that light. A man can enjoy life even at fifty. I must say, Pindar, considering how you egged me on to do this thing, you might give me a little more sympathy."

"I never egged you on to do this thing," said Mr. Pindar sharply; "I encouraged you under the impression you meant to marry Mary."

"So I did. The only difference is that I'm going to marry Veronica. Same family, comes to much the same thing, as far as you are concerned. Anyway, it's done now, and I feel quite hurt you should take it in this manner. The whole way home I thought, 'How pleased Pindar will be.' Upon my word, I doubt if I have one sincere friend in the world."

Theodore's last words seemed to touch the Rector. With an effort he recovered his outward serenity.

"Don't think that," he said, rising and placing his hand on the younger man's shoulder. "I am, or at least I try to be, a sincere friend. I will congratulate you: I do congratulate you, most heartily. But remember one thing, Vane, you have unexpectedly come into possession of an inestimable treasure. Veronica is—is—an ideal woman."

Theodore looked much impressed, and his opinion of his newly-gained lady-love went up like a rocket.

"She is also," pursued the Rector, "a tender, delicate creature who feels acutely. If I thought you would play fast and loose with her before marriage, or give her a day's unhappiness afterwards, I would—I would kick you out of my house."

Theodore laughed at the absurd threat.

"You'll never have occasion to do that," he said. "I shall not have much time to play fast or loose, for we are to be married the end of August, only two months hence! And it will be her fault if she is not happy afterwards, for she will have her own way as much as she likes. Woodleigh Manor will have to be done up a bit. Sit down, do, and let's have a talk about it."

Mr. Pindar sat down, trying to look as if he liked it. And here we will leave them, in order to relate how it came to pass that Veronica, not Mary, was chosen to become Mrs. Vane of Woodleigh Manor.

Theodore's arrival that afternoon at the Grove had been utterly unexpected. The drawing-room into which he was shown was very disordered, and as he entered by one door he could see the tail of a white dress whisking through another, at the further end. The butler announced his name to this tail, and Theodore had time to observed that it was both soiled and crumpled.

"Daisy, I expect," he muttered to himself; "Mary is always spick and span."

He was wrong. It was Mary escaping from visitors. She had not expected any the very day after a garden-party, and on what she considered "safe" afternoons was apt to degenerate into untidiness. To-day she was giving her hair "a rest," which meant that she had not curled her fringe, and had twisted the back hair up loosely anyhow. Also she was giving some old slippers a turn, and a soiled dress one extra wear before it went to the wash-tub. Naturally, therefore, she ran for her life when she heard a visitor coming. The door through which she escaped opened upon some steps which lead down into the garden. Across the lawn she flew, and near some laurel bushes she found Veronica gathering flowers for the dinner-table.

"Oh, Veronica, do go in!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "Visitors! Had no time to see who! I am too untidy to go and entertain anybody, and mamma and the girls are out. I couldn't get tidy and do my hair under half an hour. Do go in at once. Oh! Oh! How awful! Smithson's bringing them out here to us! What an idiot the man is! Veronica! It's Mr. Vane! I should like the earth to open and swallow me up. What will he think of me? Why? I've no waistbelt! My fingers are inky. Veronica, what shall I do?"

"Never mind," said Veronica kindly, "very likely he will not notice. Men are never quick at taking in details. I will asked him to come round and see the flowers, and then you can escape and change your dress, and join us later."

There was no time for more. Mr. Vane was upon them. He shook hands with Veronica, glanced at her carelessly, then, as though his attention had been arrested, looked again at her lingeringly and admirably. Veronica was never untidy. To-day she was wearing a very neat dress of softest gray; on her carefully dressed head was a picturesque garden hat; tucked into the bosom of her dress were some freshly-gathered pink and white roses, and in her hands she held a large nosegay of garden flowers.

Everything about her was fresh and dainty, and she made a pretty picture as she stood before the visitor, a background of green laurel throwing into strong relief the graceful lines of her figure, and her flowers glowing brightly against the soft gray of her dress.

From this pretty picture Theodore rather slowly turned to greet Mary. Alas, poor Mary! She was looking her worst. White is most charming wear for a girl, but there are two things essential to its charm. It must be fresh, and it must be worn by a slight figure. A soiled, crumpled white gown on a stout figure is an eyesore, and so thought Mr. Vane as his eye traveled down Mary's very plump form, and rested upon and recognized the dirty skirt he had seen whisking through the doorway.

Men sometimes do notice details, notwithstanding Veronica's kind assertion to the contrary, and before Mary could get away the visitor had taken in every detail, from the uncurled fringe, to the shabby slipper. Mary was conscious of his exhaustive survey, and her cheeks burned painfully. It was unbecoming to her to get flushed. Her complexion, always brilliant, became too roseate at such times. So embarrassed did she grow she could hardly talk; her manner, her very attitude, grew constrained and awkward. It was an intense relief to her when Veronica said pleasantly:

"Mr. Vane, do come and see our conservatory; we are very proud of our flowers. Bye-the-bye, Mary, do you mind telling Smithson we'll have tea on the lawn."

Mary ran away with a heart like lead. "Why, oh why, didn't I dress for visitors!" she exclaimed in the privacy of her bedroom.

Then she tore off the soiled white dress and flung it on the floor, apostrophizing it as a "hateful thing." Well might she thus apostrophize it, for it had cost her seven thousand a year. Mr. Vane had made up his mind even before the objectionable dress had disappeared from view. "No, thank you," he said to himself as he strolled by Veronica's side to the conservatory. "A slovenly girl won't suit me. Fancy bringing a man friend unexpectedly into your house, and see your wife whisking away through doorways because she has a dirty gown on, and is too untidy to be seen!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PLEASURE.—I have run the silly rounds of pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world—I appraise them at their real worth, which is, in truth, very low. Those who have only seen their outside always overrate them; but I have been behind the scenes; I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which move their gaudy machines, and I have also seen and smelled the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admiration of the ignorant audience. When I reflect on what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle of pleasure in the world had any reality; but I look upon all that is past as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions; and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose.

DON'T IRRITATE YOUR LUNGS with a Stubborn Cough, when a remedy, safe and certain as Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant can be so easily procured. Sore Throats and Lungs are speedily helped by it.

Scientific and Useful.

WOOD VS. ASPHALTE.—Asphalte by some authorities is claimed to be the worst form of road surfacing ever invented, and wood blocking, though not perfect, is found to be the best.

PAPER PIPES.—The making of water pipes out of paper pulp is said to have met with great success. It is claimed that they are as durable as iron, and the process of moulding them is about the same in both cases.

STEAMERS.—A scheme has been proposed to reduce the friction of salt water against the sides of a steamer, which, it is claimed, will increase the speed 50 per cent. It is to force air through the vessel's plates and thereby form a narrow space between the iron and water.

ARTIFICIAL WHALEBONE.—A German has invented a means of making artificial whalebone. The material is leather soaked for two or three days in sulphate of potassium, and then stretched on a frame, slowly dried, and exposed to a high temperature. It is afterward put under heavy pressure, when it becomes hard and elastic.

GUNS.—Some interesting articles have been published on the small-calibre guns and the researches of various professors as to the effect of wounds made by these guns at different distances—effects that are horrible. The conclusion is that in any future battles there will be incomparably more dead and severely wounded than ever before in the world's history.

RAISING HEAT.—A new method of raising heat by an automatic and smokeless coal-dust apparatus has been devised. A torpedo-boat belonging to the German navy has been placed at the disposal of the inventors, with permission to adapt it to their new method, so that it may be put to a practical test. It will depend upon the result of this experiment whether the system shall be adopted in the navy. The process is said to effect the consumption of about 90 per cent. of the caloride power of coal, or about 25 per cent. more than any other apparatus. It greatly reduces the radiant heat, while the temperature of the escaping air is not so high as to melt the fire bricks used in the furnace.

Farm and Garden.

QUALITIES.—Do not forget that a grade animal will not breed all his good qualities. Nothing but a thoroughbred will give you improved stock from your mares and heifers, or from the droves and flocks. Do not waste your time.

WHEAT.—Experiments show that a grain of wheat produces forty fold. Every pound should bring forty. It therefore follows that much of your seed wheat is wasted when we sow one and one-fourth bushels an acre and get from 10 to 20.

THE FARM.—An unsightly fence lessens the value of a farm by giving it a "run-down" appearance. Such a fence is not only useless, but serves as a harboring place for insects, and collects seeds of weeds to be distributed over the farm next season.

WEEDS.—Excepting the golden rod, milk weed and ragweed, all the rest of our weeds have been imported. These foreign weeds are the most troublesome and persistent. If it was someone's duty to keep them from the highways, those pests would not travel so fast.

THE BARNYARD.—Keep the back barnyard as neat as the front; have the manure pile, the old board pile, the rubbish pile, always under cover. Make the neatness of your place noticeable, and teach not only your own boys, but the whole neighborhood, lessons of beauty and thrift.

STOCK.—Many a farmer buys the best stock for his team, his dairy and his flocks, but poor care, reckless feeding and exposure soon give them the appearance of scrubs, while he wonders why he is not among the "prosperous." The law of the farmer's success is in good management.

THE HOME.—A farmer's home, with house plants in the window, flowers on the lawn, and a succession of small fruits from a garden planned, planted, pruned and protected with aid of wife and children, giving each child control of a particular plant, bush or row, will do more to make children love the old homestead and keep the boys on the farm than all the precepts ever taught them.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. Its acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

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Self and Self-Opinion.

A certain amount of egoism, that is, opinion of self, is natural to all men. It has been said that every man thinks he can poke the fire better than any other man. In shooting, fishing, novel-writing, riding, many men believe they can surpass others; and although women, from their greater subjection to the laws of society, are less offensive in their egotism, it is said they are as bad. We must do them this justice, that they conceal it better; and we cannot doubt that they must be often punished by hearing men talk of nothing but themselves.

Everybody believes in his own circle, his friends, his native village, his school, his college; and the centre of that circle is self. It is so hard to go out of the centre; we play at puss in the corner with ourselves, and keep to the corner as long as we can; and some people, sublime egotists, are virtuous because it is comfortable, and religious because thereby they please the world; and by pleasing the world they of course please themselves. Happily this self-opinion is not an unmixed evil. It may have caused half the troubles in the world; but it has certainly caused half the triumphs and more than half the comforts and inventions.

What is so distasteful to us all, is the egotism of a man who has really done nothing in the world, who is as mean in his appearance as he is mediocre in his talents, and who will yet presume upon his twopenny position to dictate to others; and will often prove not only an enemy to merit, but an obstructive to all true teaching and improvement. The vainest of these men have generally the least to recommend them; and because they own nothing, are proud of nothing. They dote upon themselves, and pet themselves, and treat themselves in the inverse ratio of their merits, with an intense self-respect; whereas it is ordinarily found that the really meritorious man is full of modesty. If one of these men happens to be born of a house noble, or supposed to be noble, he will treat men of merit, who are simply but later parallels of his good ancestors, with contempt as new men. If, on the contrary, he is a new man himself, he will pride in his riches, and "shove aside the worthy bidden guest."

These men, like those who beat the walls in madhouses, are a sufficient punishment to themselves; but what we want is a society that can correct them. Our education is not one when we leave school, and our whippings should not end there. For this end satire has been resorted to; but in the public press and society in general there is a great want of that wholesome ingredient. Men snigger; but they do not scorn a foolish rich man nowadays; they sneer at him behind his back and dine with him next day. We don't want nowadays a freedom like that of the Greek comedians! but we do want a pungent and pure satire to laugh at folly, and to extinguish and cover with ridicule successful vice.

Egotism is of course, like any vice, accompanied with its peculiar punishment. The man who is a vulgar egotist, and obtrudes his misfortunes or experiences on others, instead of wisely bearing them himself silently and strongly, relieves his sorrows by giving tongue to them, but gets generally set down as a bore.

"It is a hard and nice subject for a man to speak of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the listener's ears to hear anything in praise from him." This is Cowley's dictum, and a very true one. We are all so selfish, that we suspect self-praise, and think it to be no recommendation. Morever, an egotist of this sort will often relate the most absurd stories of himself rather than be silent. Hence he blunders on, filling his hearers with disgust, and himself reaping the mere tickling pleasure of hearing his own feats chronicled by his own tongue. People who are ill, and who have suffered misfortune, are subject to this complaint. Poor women who gossip in the street can always be overheard saying something about themselves or their own misfortunes.

The Scotch have a proverb, "you scratch me, and I'll tickle thee;" and so two or three egotists, by a natural adhesion, seem to stick to one another, as certain cunning old horses and cows will stand head and tail under a tree to flap away the flies.

This passion of the mind takes some very curious forms, and when indulged in, leads to madness, certainly often to guilt. Can calm and quiet people, who know how empty fame is, understand those who will commit a crime to be talked about, or who will peril their lives in a dangerous performance, because it pleases their egotism that others should stare at them? Can we comprehend the twisted brain of the madman who, being born a grocer or some obscure craftsman, goes mad on pride, and believes himself a king, and that the very keepers bow down to him? Can we but wonder at the washerwoman who, in spite of rebuffs, trouble, nonpayment of her due, and the hard work of every day, is yet as self-opinioned, ay, and more so, than the grandest duchess in the universe? If we probe men of the world, men of probity, men of position, and great givers of charity, we shall often find self at the bottom of all. Self goes with us to bed; it rises with us in the morning; we carry it to our counting-houses; the parson puts it on with his vestments; it kneels with the layman at his prayers.

Yet, universal at it is, we are not wise unless we conquer it. We must go out of self to judge self, or we shall be ever bewitched by toys and gewgaws, and made blind in our own despite. When Maria, in the "Twelfth Night" of Shakspere, wishes to punish a man, she gets on his blind side by his egotism.

We laugh at the comedy, but are ourselves guilty of the motive which is its groundwork. Many of us being young, still think, after many rebuffs, that we are pleasant fellows, and are pretty sure to be welcomed in any company. There is not a man of us but believes in his heart of hearts that he could win the affections of the best, prettiest, and finest girl in the world, if he had fair chance and time to propose to her. Tell B that A has really a natural antipathy to him, and thinks him odious; and he says, "Hate me! Come, hang it, now, that is too absurd."

Every man believes in his personal influence. The business can never go on without him. The boys that are to succeed him will overthrow all that he has built up; "the mice will play when the cat's away;" there will be quite a hole in the world when he falls through. But time should gently wean us of all that; it should teach us the best lesson, and the last—to distrust ourselves, to know our own weaknesses, to be generous to the weaknesses of others, and to praise and acknowledge their goodness and wisdom. The whole task of life is to conquer self; the whole wisdom is to know self. Finally, self-abasement and self-judgment are so highly rated, that the remission of all other judgment is awarded to them by St. Paul. "Let a man examine himself," he writes; "for if we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged."

WHOEVER has observed carefully, will have noticed a tendency among young men of the day, in speaking of female character, to decry it in general terms. To many of these wholesale libellers virtue in the female character is a fable. This volatile and base judgment is more a result of gross habit than conviction. If every young man, when he takes the name of woman lightly on his tongue, or feels the evil propensity to slander in his heart, would reflect that he has a mother, and perhaps sisters, he would pause. If the apologies for men who slander the sex to whom they owe life and all its decencies were intelligent and sincere in their habit of slander, they would merit every being's contempt.

THE thoughts which bring forth actions, the actions which, repeating themselves, become habits, the habits which form character, the character which is built into us and becomes our real selves—these are the threads out of which is woven the true happiness or the true woe of life, and from which they can never be separated. "Our deeds still travel with us from afar, and what we have been makes us what we are."

"DON'T write there," said a man to a lad who was writing with a diamond pin on a pane of glass in the window of an hotel. "Why not?" was the reply. "Because you can't rub it out." There are other things which a man should not do, because they cannot rub them out. A heart is aching for sympathy, and an unkind word may make a more durable impression than that of the diamond on the glass.

CONSIDERATION cannot be too careful, forethought cannot be too circumspect, prudence cannot be too discreet; but the best way to insure these results is to confine them strictly within their proper limits, and never to permit them to interfere with the promptness of action, with integrity of purpose, and with fidelity to all engagements.

THERE is no time spent so stupidly as that which inconsiderate people pass in a morning, between sleeping and waking. He who is up may be at work, or amusing himself; he who is asleep is receiving the refreshment necessary to fit him for action; but the hours spent in dozing and slumbering are wasted without either pleasure or profit.

IN all evils which admit a remedy, impatience should be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints which, if properly applied, might remove the cause.

THE man who is habitually just in all ways is habitually cheerful and happy. The serenity and glow of a calm summer day pervade his life.

EVERY day brings its own duties and carries them along with it; and they are as waves broken on the shore, many like them coming after.

IF you have great talents, industry will strengthen them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply the deficiency.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

F. C.—Easter Island is in the eastern part of the Pacific Ocean, latitude 27° south, distant about 2,300 miles from the coast of South America. It has rarely been visited.

MAB.—The quotation is a very well-worn one: "There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," will be found in Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar.

C. R. W.—You had better divert your mind from your betrothed, unless he promptly reforms. It is a dangerous thing for a woman to marry a drunkard. It affords ample justification for terminating the engagement.

VANE.—The origin of the oft repeated proverb, "After me the deluge," is attributed generally to Prince Metternich, but the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold ascribes it to Madame Pompadour. The sentiment is, however, traced back to Suetonious.

LASSIE.—Passé, literally past, signifies anything that is out of date. We should speak of a faded beauty as being passe fun. The initials, S. P. Q. R., stand for the Latin words, Senatus populus que Romanus, meaning the Senate and people of Rome.

R. S. V. P.—Always reply to a note of invitation the day after you have received it; to a note on business, send an answer the same day. After accepting an invitation, should anything occur to prevent your going, send a second note in due time.

A. B. N.—Having given the ring, it belongs to the young lady, and if she does not choose to return it you cannot force her to do so. You have no right to it whatever. Of course, it would have been better taste in her to return it, and it would have been decidedly better taste in you not to have asked for its return.

SWEETHEART.—The Act of Settlement was passed in the reign of William III. (1701), by which the right to the crown is limited to the present reigning family, in regular legal succession. The Act, however, still further limits the succession to such members of the family as are Protestant members of the Church of England, and if married, married to none but Protestants.

INQUIRING.—It is really associated with the doctrines of the Trinity. In the ancient ritual of the English marriages, the ring was placed by the husband on the top of the thumb of the left hand, with the words "In the name of the Father," he then removed it to the forefinger, saying, "In the name of the Son;" then to the middle finger, adding, "And of the Holy Ghost;" finally, he left it, as now, on the fourth finger, with the closing word "Amen."

CARL.—The owner of a dog is, as a general rule, not liable for any person bitten by the dog unless the owner knew that the dog had previously bitten someone. But a person has no right to place or suffer a dog so near the door of his house that any person coming on business can be bitten; and when a footpath passes through premises the occupier has no right so put a dog with such a length of chain that he could bite a person going along such path.

LEVONDALE.—Sleep-walking is constitutional with some people, and recurrent under certain conditions; sometimes it is hereditary. If it is not so with you, and your dreams are bad and disturbing, it is most likely that you are out of health. In that case, consult a medical man; very likely a course of medicine will set you to rights. Sometimes purely physical treatment is of use; cold baths, or brisk sponging every morning, simple diet, and plenty of open air exercise, go far to remove the fancies which are very productive of disturbed nights.

LOTTIE.—It is extremely difficult to destroy them. Insect powder seldom has any appreciable effect. Rubbing the cat thoroughly with turpentine three times a day has sometimes been recommended, and is said to lessen the number of the pests, but such a treatment is not pleasant either to the cat or the people of the house. Wormwood placed about the house is said to banish the pest. If the cat is scrubbed five or six times a day in a tub of warm soap suds, and rubbed with camphor, pennyroyal or turpentine, it will be less troubled than before, and the insects may disappear in a few days. The treatment is dangerous, as the cat is liable to lick the camphor, etc., when its fur is drying.

WALL FLOWER.—The beautiful "Miss Gunnings" were the daughters of John Gunnings, Esq., of County Roscommon, an Irish gentleman of small means, who married a sister of the Earl of Mayo; the obscurity of their origin therefore was not so great as some people represented it to be. Maria, the eldest, married to the Earl of Coventry, was born in 1733, and her sister, Elizabeth, Duchess of Hamilton, in the following year. Elizabeth was married first, at May Fair Chapel, in the early part of the year 1752, and her sister three weeks later. "I think," says the critical Horace Walpole, "their being two so handsome and such perfect figures is their chief excellence; for, singly, I have seen much handsomer woman than either. Elizabeth was twice married, her second husband being the Duke of Argyll. The Countess of Coventry died from the effects of the excessive use of white lead in painting her face, in the year 1760, about 27 years old. When the Miss Gunning who had become Duchess of Hamilton was presented at Court after her marriage, the noble persons at St. James' actually climbed upon tables and chairs "to have a good stare, like the mere vulgar crowd," says a writer of the time.

LIFE.

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE.

Once, only once, the Summer and the Spring;
Once, only once, the rapture that they bring;
Once, only once, we gather, if we may,
Their lovely blooms that live but for a day,
Are sweet but for an hour, and then—decay.

A little while of blue sky and soft air,
A little while when all is fresh and fair,
A little while of glad unclouded sun,
And all is over—Summer days are done;
The leaves are leaving; Autumn is begun.

A weary time of useless bitter strife,
A weary time of failing strength and life,
A weary time of sullen mist and rain,
Bare boughs, dead bloom, and age and care and pain;
And then—ah, then, doth Spring return again?

A Unique Instance.

BY ALLEN ELLIOTT.

"GIVE up mental work entirely, leave London at once, and come to me again this day month."

Hugh Ogilvie smiled a little at the brusque, decisive tones, and then the weary, harassed look settled down once more on his pale face.

"The fact is——" he began, and then stopped irresolutely.

"The fact is," finished Dr. Anson, "rest is to you the most disagreeable medicine I could prescribe, eh?"

"Well, yes, it is—just now. It seems to me," slowly, "that unless I have my work to think about——" he stopped again, looking down in frowning perplexity.

"Your fancies will get hold of you more than ever? No doubt, they will, at first; but mark me, Mr. Ogilvie, unless you at once and entirely cease from mental work, and seek a fresh atmosphere, the results will be most serious—most disastrous."

There was silence for a few moments.

"This vague presentiment, these disturbing dreams, and all the nervous etceteras you have not described, but which I know you experience, are all the perfectly natural and commonplace results of overwork. You are a barrister in fairy good practice—that would be enough for most men—besides this, you write for a dozen journals, and have been bitten also by the worst of manias—the social reform pamphleteering mania. Then on the top of all this comes another excitement, another anxiety, as I imagine, of a particularly painful nature." He paused a moment and in that pause Dallas Greenwood's face passed before Hugh Ogilvie's eyes, as he sat there staring down on the thick carpet—passed in all its gentle sweetness and high-bred beauty—and he scarcely heard the concluding words in the thin, cold voice. "And the inevitable end is breakdown of the nervous system, which has been so foolishly overstrained."

There was another pause, but as Mr. Ogilvie was silent, nothing was to be done but to scrawl the usual hieroglyphics on a card and bring the interview to a close, and then Hugh went out into the square again, and turned homewards.

He walked slowly, his head bent, his hat drawn over his eyes, utterly unconscious of the half-curious, half-pitying glances cast upon him from time to time by the less busy passers-by, who, from remarking that his was an unusually handsome face, went on to think that it was strangely white and haggard and overwrought—the face, indeed, of a man on the verge of a very dangerous illness.

"Another anxiety of a particularly painful nature!" He laughed shortly as the words came back to him, and it was then that he put his hand up and drew his hat down over his eyes, for they were burning and smarting enough without the blazing sun adding its quota.

Her last little note lay in his pocket-book, already worn with frequent handling, though it was but a month old; he knew it by heart, knew every turn of the pretty, undecided writing, from the beginning, "Dear Mr. Ogilvie," to its signature, "Yours sincerely, Dallas Greenwood."

Sincerely. And he loved her so sincerely, so passionately, so tenderly!

That little note was a constant reproach to him; he ceaselessly cursed his selfish folly in upsetting the calm, affectionate intercourse which had existed between them for so long. It had been "Hugh" and "Dallas," till that evening, just a month ago, when he startled her by declaring his love with such burning eagerness, that she had been overwhelmed and almost frightened—and had promised tremblingly to think about it—to write—and had written!

He had not seen her since, for almost immediately she had gone away on a long visit to friends in Scotland, but he had tried to undo the mischief by writing to her in the old tone of friendliness, and asking her to forget his folly. "Never think of it," he wrote, "and never think of me but as your old friend Hugh. Mr. Ogilvie is my father." And the sending of that letter had comforted him, and reassured her, not a little.

He was thinking it all over as he walked back to his chambers in Benchers' Avenue that day, and when he reached his room, he took that note out, and read it through again. Well, it was over, she would forget, and when they met again—

That vague presentiment, that inexplicable foreboding, which had shadowed him of late, crept stealthily over him, as he stood there in the bright sunlight, and the thought in his mind was checked strangely. He looked up, half afraid for a moment, as though another presence was in the room unknown to him, and then folded up the letter and put it away quickly, with a sudden resolve to stamp out these fancies which were growing upon him—to be a man, and battle manfully with himself.

"When we met," he said, speaking aloud in his determination to complete that thought, "she will have no cause for uneasiness, at least, she will be able to trust me—thank God." And then he went to work vigorously, for there was much to be done before evening, when he went to dine with an old schoolfellow at the Holborn. They went to the theatre afterwards, and it was not until they were returning that Hugh suddenly remembered he had not yet decided where to go on the morrow.

Fulke Barry burst out laughing when he heard.

"How eminently characteristic, as you would say yourself! Go to London Bridge, and make your choice from the time-tables. But, surely, old man, you have some notion?"

"Not the faintest. I hate most country places, except a corner in Cornwall nobody knows of but myself, but that's too far. I want to be within the pale of civilization—I mean London."

"Then fall back on my idea."

And then they said good-night, and Hugh walked back by himself, through the quiet moonlit streets—thinking about her.

He was very tired and utterly disinclined for exertion of any kind, but, nevertheless, set himself to study maps and time-tables with no definite result at 1.30 A. M., except a feverish headache. He went to bed at last, still thinking vexedly of his journey, and half-resolved to go to Cornwall after all, and with the thought came a quieting vision of the quaint, sleepy village he knew, with its cool depths of greenery, and the little brawling brook which ran through it—a soothing vision, which remained with him almost till he slept. But it left him then, for he had a strange and terrible dream.

A terrible dream.

He was alone—Merciful God, how terrible!—he was alone in thick darkness in a wood. And he was there for some dread purpose, the very thought of which chilled his blood, though as yet he knew not what it was. Through that dense blackness, Something was coming to him—Something unspeakably hideous, from which, with choking terror, he turned to flee, but could not move his feet, though his strained heart almost burst in the effort.

The struggle half woke him, and he grasped the bedclothes in a frantic endeavor to free himself, dimly conscious that this was but an evil dream—but they broke into rotten twigs in his hands.

And while he stood thus paralysed, gazing into the darkness, the face and figure of a woman became dimly outlined before him.

A dead woman. But with open eyes, glazed and hard, which stared a ghastly story into his.

In his dream he almost died as he looked and felt that his own face too was stiffening—darkening——

A strange half twilight had gradually encompassed the figure; he saw clearly every feature, every detail of the dress, saw too—ah cruelty!—why the poor face was so blackened and convulsed, though in agony he tried to turn away his eyes—for she had moved—had put up her hands—had laid bare those discolored bruises on her throat——

And he recognised with a sudden flash a rare old-fashioned silver necklace which he had given Dallas Greenwood on her last birthday.

Recognized it with an exclamation of horror, of incredulity, which died upon his lips as this woman, bending forward, uttered a name—and he awoke with that name upon his lips and the cold dews of agony running down his face——

"Barnwood."

* * * * * *

A few hours later, as Hugh Ogilvie was sitting listlessly over his breakfast, hasty steps sounded upon the stairs, and after a rapid knock, Fulke Barry entered, with a radiant face.

"Look here, Ogilvie," he began at once, shaking hands, "have you settled where to go yet?"

"Not a bit of it, just where I was last night."

"Well then, what do you say to the governor's place in Hampshire? he's only just bought it you know, but it's furnished and all that, and Mrs. Behn's there, an awfully jolly old soul, and there's heaps of books knocking about, and altogether it's not a bad shanty, and the old chap said he'd be delighted if you would go—now just decide sensibly!"

"But," began Hugh.

"There aren't any buts," Mr. Barry interrupted; "the governor's off to Scotland by the 10.50 and I must get back in time—do be agreeable now, old man, just for once!"

"I shall be only too glad; it's most awfully good——"

"Oh, do dry up, Mrs. Behn is in an awful funk because the governor isn't going down after all, and she has everything on its hind legs to receive him; she will welcome you as specially sent by Providence to eat her pies! I was a duffer not to think of it last night. Good-bye, the 2.40 from Waterloo is the best to go by—I'll wire to Mrs. Behn, take care of yourself."

He was gone, flying downstairs, as he shouted his last exhortation, leaving Hugh relieved, grateful, yet singularly and unaccountably depressed.

He went back to the breakfast-table slowly and thoughtfully, and was about to unfold his newspaper when it suddenly struck him that he knew neither the name of the station nor of the house. He was unreasonably vexed with himself for forgetting to ask, and with Barry for not remembering to say, and the ludicrous element in the situation did not strike him at first, though he smiled as he dispatched a telegram to his friend.

"Hampshire rather vague address; please wire back name of station and house."

He had some time to wait for the reply, for it took Barry half-an-hour to get home, and another twenty minutes passed before it came; he spent that time in a state of impatient irritability which he could not control; pacing backwards and forward in his sitting-room restlessly fidgetting with the ornaments on his mantel-piece, trying to fix his attention on the newspaper, but flinging it down in disgust. An unreasonable, an almost fearful expectation was upon him—of what he knew not, but it increased with every moment, till, when the telegram did come, his trembling fingers could scarcely tear it open.

It was very short.

"Sorry for omission, name of station and house the same. Barnwood."

A fly met Hugh Ogilvie at Barnwood Station and conveyed him to the house, a long, low building, covered with roses, clematis and creepers, on which his tired eyes rested gratefully; it was late in the afternoon too, and a cool little breeze had sprung up and was stirring the leaves musically, so that altogether his first impressions of the place were most refreshing and soothing. Mrs. Behn, a comely, comfortable little woman, met him in the hall, and respectfully introducing herself, led the way into a quaint, light-tinted, three-cornered room, where tea was laid on a table by the window which opened into the flower garden. He "took" to it all at a glance, and sat down with a sigh of satisfaction, able even to burst out laughing as a ridiculous recollection of Fulke's speech about the pies came back to him, when one emitting a delicious aroma was actually put upon the table; for Mrs. Behn, upon whom his hollow eyes and thin cheeks had made a profound impression, had straightway determined to comfort his soul with savory meats.

He rambled about the garden after tea, taking quiet pleasure in its silence and old-fashioned sweetness, and at last, leaning over a gate which led into a great wide cornfield at one side, he thought that now was the time, in this peaceful, wholesome solitude, to think out that—coincidence.

He would think reasonably and collectedly—and would put to rest for ever those senseless fancies, that indefinable expectation——

Ah, thickly throbbing heart! He dropped his head upon his folded arms, and stood there motionless.

The golden-lighted landscape had become gray and shadowy when he straightened himself again and walked back slowly to the house.

Mrs. Behn was superintending the laying of supper in the pretty parlor, and passing him in the hall as he was preparing to go upstairs, caught sight of his face, and uttering an exclamation, hurried forward.

"You are ill, sir?" she said, putting her hand upon his arm and looking up at him concernedly.

He paused for a moment before answering, and when he spoke his voice sounded to her strangely calm; there was a tone in it which somehow terrified her.

"I am not very well and will go to my room; kindly do not trouble about supper," and as he saw that she still looked alarmed, "pray do not be uneasy, I shall be well to-morrow," and she watched him go upstairs, and heard him shut and lock his door.

Face to face with the night.

Lying back in an armchair by the open window, with the blessed night breeze cooling that hot and throbbing brow; nerving himself to look back into that dead face which hung over him, into those unsleeping eyes, and to understand and to obey the mute command they brought.

Mrs. Behn, listening anxiously at the door before retiring for the night, heard no sound, and hoped he was asleep, and went to bed herself, thinking of him pityingly.

It was nearly one o'clock when Hugh Ogilvie stood up, and deliberately shutting down the window, opened his door and went downstairs.

The bolts of the front door were easily drawn back, and closing it quietly behind him, he went out into the night.

* * * * * *

It was very dark.

He stood still for a moment at the gate, and put his hand to his head vaguely, then turned to the left. The road was very steep and in bad repair, and from time to time he stumbled, but went on as scarcely conscious of it, till he reached the top of the hill. Till then the hedges, tall and thick, had lined the way on either side, but now they became thinner, broken and straggling, and he could see dimly that to his left lay fields, while on the right tall trees rose up, at intervals at first, then thickly.

This would be the wood.

Leaning against the hedges, drawing his breath painfully, his lips parched—but still resolute.

And entered the wood. With arms outstretched felt his way between the low-spreading branches, and when the livid face faded from before him, knew that his quest was ended——

And suddenly came back to himself.

Madman! to be thus mastered by his evil imagination—to let a dream——

Oh, God in Heaven! what was this on which he stumbled? Oh, that this might be a dream! Kneeling down, wildly feeling with his hands, till they touched—oh, agony of horror!—that upturned, clay-cold face!

He sprang to his feet again and uttered a cry so wild and hoarse that it echoed in his own brain for ever after—"Light—light—light!" The horror of thick darkness he had dreamed of was worse ten thousand fold in reality—he struck match after match wildly, till at last one burned, and holding it closely to the ground he gazed—the weak flame flickered for an instant over the poor tortured face, the staring eyes, glanced on the silver of the necklace—and went out——

He tried to cry aloud again, but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, a convulsive shudder darted through his frame, something snapped in his brain, and he tore his way back through the trees, leapt the hedge and bounded down the road in a mad frenzy of terror, through the crowd of dead faces pressing upon him from every side—till there was a stumble, and a stifled sob—and he was lying prone upon his face, outside the gates of Barnwood.

* * * * * *

Weeks passed before Hugh Ogilvie woke to rational contemplation of things around him, weeks during which it was doubtful if that turn for the better would ever come, but when at length the fluctuations between delirium and unconscious stupor ceased, recovery became a mere question of time and careful nursing.

His illness surprised no one who had seen him during that last week in London; men said that he was "in" for brain fever for a dead certainty, and Fulke Barry sitting by him during his convalescence, frankly expressed his opinion.

"You looked most awfully bad that last

morning," he said. "When I got back to the governor I said, 'if that chap doesn't look out, his roof will come off'! so Mrs. Behn's letter did not surprise me much; you won her heart completely; do you know what she called you to me when I came? 'that dear beautiful young gentleman!'" and Hugh laughed weakly.

No one knew the final cause which had precipitated his illness; his incoherent ravings of the wood and the woman were too disconnected to suggest anything to his nurses, and when he remembered it all himself, he carefully avoided all mention of that last night. He waited patiently to be told what he knew he must one day hear, but it was a long time coming; not until he was well enough to come downstairs without assistance, and sit in the light parlor, did Mrs. Behn at length impart a history of the crime with which England was ringing.

Later in the day on which he had been taken ill, two laborers found the dead body of a woman in the wood; at the inquest which followed it had been identified as that of Katharine Wilson, the daughter of a small farmer in the neighborhood, who had left her home some time previously and had not since been heard of; the cause of death was evident, but how accomplished there was no evidence to show, though from the marks upon the neck, it was supposed that a necklace of some kind had been twisted round; no such necklace, however, had been found, and no string or handkerchief of any kind; it was therefore supposed that the murderer had removed it, fearing detection by its means. Absolutely nothing could be ascertained of the girl's life after she left home, though a wedding ring on her finger pointed to the fact that she was married, and the result of the inquiry was, that a verdict of wilful murder was returned against a person, or persons, unknown.

* * * * * *

The effects of this incident in his life upon Hugh Ogilvie, were what might have been expected; it aged him considerably; he was easily knocked up, was utterly incapable of his former hard work, though he could still get through an immense amount in one of his fits of nervous energy, and though he utterly rejected the preposterous notion that the necklet he had given Dallas was the same on which his match had flickered in the wood, he was yet unable to dissociate the idea from his thoughts of the crime. It would have been wiser perhaps had he imparted the whole story of his dream and its consequences to some healthy minded friend, and indeed he longed to do sometimes, but shrank from the inevitable questioning, and the possible ridicule, to which he would be submitted. Instinctively he knew that more was yet to follow, and his first conscious thought each morning as he woke was "Will it be to-day?"

It was not until late in the October of that year that he first heard of Dallas Greenwood's engagement.

He had looked in at Mrs. Hay's "At Home," and Flora Hay, the good-natured talkative daughter of the house, was his informant.

"It's really quite an old affair," she said, talking so fast that she did not notice how deadly pale her listener had become, "but it has only just been announced—why there was any delay at all I'm sure I don't know; he's awfully rich—do you know him at all?—a Captain Kingston, none of us had ever heard of him before, he has been in India for years, came back in April, I think it was, but only went about a little, and met Dallas in the country."

"Indeed?"

"They are to be married in the spring and I'm to be a bridesmaid—wasn't it sweet of Dallas to ask me? and then they go back to India."

"To India?"

"Yes, the captain has got to be there in October."

And then someone else claimed Miss Hay's attention, and Hugh got away unobserved, and shut himself into his rooms with his own thoughts.

It was singular that not once that winter did those two meet, till just before Christmas, and then they met at Barnwood.

He had been urgently invited by the Barrys to spend the festive week with them, and at first had no thought of acceptance in his mind, loathing as he did the name of the place, for ever associated in his mind as it was with suffering and death. But this very horror and shrinking finally made him accept in a fit of self-contempt, when he jeered at himself and his fancies, and resolved to master them, and he waited for the day of his arrival there in a restlessly excited frame of mind, apparent enough to those about him, who remarked also a singular tinge of defiance in his manner, utterly at variance with his usual quiet courtesy.

But it was not till the very moment of his crossing the threshold of Barnwood, that with lightning intuition, he knew he ought never to have come, ought even now to make an excuse and go away as soon as might be, and as that last thought passed through his mind, Mrs. Barry came out into the hall, and behind her, with welcoming hands outstretched and shining kindly eyes, came Dallas.

The meeting was over in a moment, and he was talking to Mrs. Barry of his journey down, and she was scolding him gently for looking overworked, all quite naturally and simply—and yet—it would have been better to go.

"We are a pretty big party," Dallas was saying, "the Musgraves, and Mrs. Bird, and two or three of Fulke's friends, whom I don't know, and Mr. Gundry, and some more are coming to-morrow—we'll fill every corner."

"But isn't it tiresome about the General?" Mrs. Barry said, vexedly. "He couldn't come down by this train, and has to wait for the wretched slow one that doesn't get in till midnight, and I firmly believe it's going to snow heavily."

"My dearest mother," Fulke remonstrated with laughing eyes, "it has about as much notion of snowing as it has of thundering."

"Well, it's cold enough for it, at any rate," his mother answered, shivering. "Come and have some tea, Hugh—there's nobody in the drawing room; we are having dinner early, and they are dressing."

"And Captain Kingston?" he asked, with a nervous smile, as he followed her into the drawing-room.

"He comes to-morrow evening; have you met him?"

"No."

"Dallas is a very sweet girl," Mrs. Barry said confidentially, as she poured out the tea, "and is utterly in love with him and he with her, but somehow I don't feel satisfied with the match, and neither does Fulke."

"Why not?"

"Well, for one thing, Fulke doesn't like him, and you know how clever he is about reading character, dear boy, and then I myself never feel quite comfortable talking to him, though the General says it's all nonsense, and only my imagination."

"How do you mean quite?"

"It always seems to me—of course this is between ourselves, I talk to you just as I would to Fulke, Hugh—it seems to me that he is always thinking of something painful; he looks at one in an absent sort of way, and then a look comes into his eyes that makes one creep—a look of remorse, I was going to say," Mrs. Barry finished, half-apologetically. "I'm afraid, Hugh, you'll think me a very foolish old woman."

"What does Fulke say?"

He was leaning forward, with his elbows on his knees, slowly stirring the tea she had given him; in the hall a laughing dispute about the weather signs was going on.

"He says that Captain Kingston always looks on his guard—you know what he means, always expecting——"

"Yes."

They were silent for a little, his face, still in shadow, was turned to the fire, and troubled.

"You see, Hugh, I have known Dallas ever since she was a little thing, and love her almost like my own, and know how absolutely she believes in and is guided by those whom she loves, and that's why I feel so—so anxious that there should be no mistake."

"Yes."

"But, after all," sighing, "I suppose her own heart knows best, and as I said before, I'm only a foolish old woman, and there's no doubt that it is a love match on both sides." And Dallas coming in at that moment, the talk turned to the General and the business which had taken him to London, and Hugh had only to listen and put in a word now and then, watching, out of that shadow in which he sat, the swiftly changing expressions on her face.

He had not been following their conversation closely, and for the moment was wondering why her eyes had suddenly brightened and deepened tenderly, when she turned to him eagerly.

"And oh, Hugh, I had almost forgotten to tell you—guess what Gerald is going to bring down with him?"

He shook his head, and she did not notice how pained was the smile.

"Do you remember the Indian necklace you gave last birthday? Well, Gerald took it to London ever so long ago to have it made smaller—you remember how much too large it was? Well, it came back, but somehow, I forget how, before Gerald sent it on to me it got crushed, and two of the segments were quite broken off, so he had to send it back again——

Darkness. The light had left his eyes—the girl's voice sounded miles away——

It was lying at his feet——

"and that's why Gerald could not come down to-day, he wanted to bring it himself."

Dead silence, Mrs. Barry wondered a little, and Dallas suddenly recollected herself with a hot flush—how thoughtless she had been to speak to him about—Gerald; but his manner had been so natural, so affectionate and brotherly as in the old days, that she had almost forgotten in her great happiness that once he had hoped to be to her what Gerald Kingston was.

She turned, that flush still burning on her cheeks, to ask Mrs. Barry some trivial question that came to her tongue first, and Hugh rose to go; he moved the chairs out of his way a little awkwardly and noisily as it seemed to his hostess, and found some difficulty in opening the door. Fulke was in the hall, manipulating a dog collar with the assistance of a groom.

"Going upstairs?" he interrogated without turning his head. "You've got the same room you had before—pleasant recollections!"

He held by the bannister going up, as one who cannot see clearly, and b fore entering stood for a moment in the doorway of that room looking in, and the look in his eyes was such as we see in the eyes of an animal caught in the toils.

For he knew this was the beginning of the end.

Contrary to Mrs. Barry's prediction, rain instead of snow came in the night, and poured down steadily all next day, with the inevitable result that she felt overwhelmed by her responsibilities as hostess, and the guests lounged about the house trying not to look bored, and inwardly regretting London fascinations dismally.

The morning was bad, but the afternoon was worse, and at last in desperation some of the men went out walking in waterproofs, preferring that to the melancholy atmosphere of the house, and of these Hugh Ogilvie was one. He went no farther than the garden, however, at first walking in the shrubbery, but as the crackling of the twigs under his feet became intolerable, pacing backwards and forwards a walk at some distance from the house, and thinking—thinking, with a strange sad intensity, of his life, his ambitions,

As the dusk gathered and the windows of the house lit up, the men returned from their walk, and the women flocked back into the pretty drawing-room and waited for tea, hoping that things would be more cheerful now, but the solitary figure under the dripping trees still paced to and fro with sunken head—thinking—as a man thinks who is under sentence of death.

The depression which Mrs. Barry's guests had so painfully experienced that day did not disperse with lights and the tea-kettle—on the contrary, it increased. No one was in their usual spirits, not even Fulke, who, rarely unsociable, now felt heartily sick of everyone and longed to shut himself up for a comforting smoke. A certain feeling of expectation, too, crept into the atmosphere—a doubtful feeling, which made some of the women feel a little nervous.

Terrible pauses occurred in the conversation—silences which made themselves felt, till Mrs. Barry's hands shook as she filled the cups, and she had to steady her voice before speaking.

"Captain Kingston is almost due, is he not?" she said, smiling constrainedly. "Fulke, the carriage has gone, I suppose?"

"Yes, ages ago."

Another pause, then a little start and exclamation from Dallas, for she had upset her tea suddenly.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" There was a catch in her breath. People began to talk to each other spasmodically and appeared not to see that her eyes were full of tears and her mouth trembling.

"What's the matter with the house?" Bob Gundry muttered to a neighbor. "Has anybody been murdered here? I feel like hanging myself."

"I think we all feel like that," Mrs. Bird answered in a low voice. "I feel as if something horrible were about to happen."

"What are we all waiting here for?" someone else murmured. "Why don't we go upstairs and breathe naturally?"

"I tell you," answered Mrs. Bird, "we are waiting for something."

Dallas had slipped out of the room and taken refuge in the deserted morning-room, to recover. She was very angry with herself for being so foolish. She would confess it all to Gerald when he came, and he would tell her she was a silly little woman to cry because she spilt her tea. In spite of this scolding addressed to herself, however, the lump in her throat swelled painfully and the tears came thick and fast, and kneeling down by the sofa, her faced buried in the cushions, she sobbed unrestrainedly, hysterically, trembling from head to foot. The paroxysm did not last long, but left her shaken, ready to cry at anything, and after bathing her face, she came down to the morning-room, resolved to wait there till the carriage returned, and not go back to that strange, silent, drawing-room.

She had not turned up the lamps, and the room was full of shadows, which presently, in her overwrought state of mind, became unbearable.

Had it stopped raining? No, it was still coming down mercilessly—she could hear, though it was almost too dark to see; and then she suddenly caught sight of that figure under the trees, and for a moment wondered who it could be—then with infinite compassion in her heart knew that it was Hugh.

Had he gone out there in the rain because——? Oh, no, no! she hoped he had got over that! She was not a woman to rejoice in conquests; the thought that this man still loved her filled her with distress and pity, but she could not really believe that it was so. And while she argued down the thought, the carriage lamps flashed up the drive, and in a sudden rush of gladness she forgot all else but that Gerald Kingston had come, and turning up the lamps she opened the door and stood waiting, wondering if he would know she was in here—her heart beating high.

And he did know she was there, and came. The General and Fulke had gone into the hall to receive him. Mrs. Barry remained at her tea-table. There was a general feeling in the air that impelled people to talk in whispers. It was with real difficulty that Mrs. Bird kept up a conversation naturally, with her neighbors—but even she gave up.

"Are we going mad?" she said in a low voice to Mr. Gundry. "Why are we all so pale?"

Then the door opened, and Captain Kingston came in with Dallas and Fulke.

There was a little movement, a wave of naturalness, while mutual greetings passed. He stood in the full light of the large centre lamp, smiling down at Mrs. Barry as she asked him some trivial question about his journey; and it was as he stood thus that Hugh Ogilvie, entering the room, first saw him. Gerald Kingston turned his head, looked carelessly at him—then intently—and turning round fully, but slowly, as though moved by a power other than his own will, stood motionless, livid to the lips.

It was so marked that the words died away on the lips of those who saw—so marked that an intense silence fell upon the room, while every eye was turned upon those two in strained expectancy. And then, in a low, hoarse voice, Gerald Kingston spoke.

"I have dreamed of you," he said' "ever since the night I saw you kneeling by her in the wood."

He had dropped his face upon his hands.

The General was the first to speak.

"Come into another room," he said roughly, taking him by the arm; "for God's sake be a man!"

Two strange men were in the hall; one of them stepped forward as Kingston, with that dazed look on his face, followed General Barry out, and touching him gently, looked up meaningly.

"What's this?" The General's voice, harshly imperative, brought the guests crowding to the drawing-room door. Gerald Kingston, standing passive, seemed unconscious of what was going on.

"This gentleman must come with us," the elder of the men answered hurriedly; "he is arrested."

"What do you mean?"

"He is arrested, sir, on a charge of murder, committed in June last—Katharine Wilson."

It seemed only a moment and the hall was empty again, and the cab wheels tearing up the gravel outside.

In the drawing-room two women had fainted, but no one noticed them at first, and then suddenly Mrs. Bird cried out to someone for God's sake to look at Mr. Ogilvie.

They carried him into the library and

laid him down flat on the floor, and kneeling by him Fulke put his hand upon his heart—and recoiled.

"I knew it," Bob Gundry said quietly; "if I'm not mistaken, he has been expecting death all day."

HYPNOTISM AND HUMBUG.

AT the base of the brain is a complete circle of arteries, from which spring great numbers of small arterial vessels carrying a profuse blood supply throughout the whole mass, and capable of contraction in small tracts, so that small areas of the brain may, at any given moment, become bloodless, while other parts of the brain may at the same time become highly congested. Now, if the brain, or any part of it, be deprived or partially deprived of the circulation of blood through it, or if it be excessively congested and overloaded with blood, or if it be subjected to local pressure, the part of the brain so acted upon ceases to perform its functions. The brain's regularity, and the sanity and completeness of the thought which is one of the functions of its activity, depend upon the normal quantity of blood passing through all its parts, and the healthy quality of the blood so circulating. If we press upon the carotid arteries which pass up through the neck to form the arterial circle of Willis at the base of brain within the skull, we quickly produce insensibility. Thought is abolished, consciousness is lost; and if the pressure be continued all automatic actions of the body—such as the beating of the heart, breathing motions of the lungs, which maintain life, and which are controlled by the lower brain centres of ganglia—are quickly stopped, and death follows.

During sleep, the convoluted surface of the upper part of the brain, which in health and in the waking state is faintly pink, like a blushing cheek, becomes white and bloodless. It is in these upper convolutions that the will and directing power resides; so in sleep the will is abolished and consciousness fades gradually away as the blood is pressed out by the contraction of the arteries. The same effect is attainable by altering the quality of the blood passing through the brain, by the chloroform or other toxic substances. Though not conscious of the mechanism producing arterial contraction and bloodlessness, we are not altogether without control of it. Some possess marked control over it. I can generally put myself to sleep at any hour of the day, either in the library chair or in the brougham.

Now, a word regarding what is meant by reflex action. The nerves leading from the various organs to the brain convey swift messages to its various parts, which are answered by reflected waves of impulse. Tickle the soles of the feet, and you excite contraction of the toes, involuntary laughter, or perhaps only a shuddering and skin-contraction known as gooseskin. The irritation of the nerves end in the skin has carried a message to the involuntary or the voluntary ganglia of the brain, which has reflected back nerve-impulses contracting the muscles of the feet or the skin-muscles, or giving rise to associated ideas and laughter.

This ideo-motor or sensory motor system of nerves can thus produce automatically and without the consciousness of the individual, a series of muscular contractions. And the coats of arteries are muscular contractile under the influence of external stimuli, acting without the help of consciousness, or when consciousness is in abeyance. Let me give more examples of this, which completes the chain of phenomena in the natural brain and body which I adduce in explanation of the true as distinguished from the false, or falsely interpreted, phenomena of hypnotism, mesmerism, or electro-biology. When a hungry boy looks into a cookshop, he becomes aware of a watering of the mouth and a "gnawing" at the stomach. The brain has sent a message which has dilated the vessels around the salivary and gastric glands, increased the flow of blood through them and quickened their secretion. Here we have a purely subjective mental activity acting through a mechanism of which the boy is quite ignorant, and which he is unable to control, and producing that action on the vessels of dilatation and contraction which, as we have seen, is the essential condition of brain activity and the evolution of thought, which is related to the quickening or the abolition of consciousness, and to the activity or abeyance of functions in the will-centres and upper convolutions of the brain, as in its other centres of localization.

Here, then, we have something like a clue to the phenomena of hypnotism. The will may be easily abolished under the influence of imagination or sudden impression, even in animals the least imaginative and physically most restless and active. I take a cock from my barnyard, and notwithstanding his struggles and screams, place him quietly and firmly on a level board and draw a chalk line from his beak, which I have depressed until it touches the board, and he remains there motionless and hypnotized. Rabbits, guineapigs and other animals may be readily hypnotized. Position, tactile impression, and possibly also mental impression, are the means used.

I come now to consider the subsequent conditions of the person who has submitted to any of the processes of hypnotization or mesmerism. The individual is reduced, more or less perfectly, to the state of a living automaton. The upper brain is more or less completely and regularly bloodless and its functions in abeyance. The will is abolished, suspended, or enfeebled. Sleep has been induced while the thought has been on the operator, and the suggestions which he makes or the directions which he gives are carried out without the intervention of the will of the subject, and more or less completely without his knowledge. He is an instrument on the keys of which the operator may play his own tune.

It may be asked, what are the alleged powers of clairvoyance, prediction of future events, insight into hidden things, etc., often attributed to somnambulists and hypnotics, and so frequently employed as a means of extorting money. The answer is given in one word—imposture.

It is known that a hypnotic can be led to perform, under influence of suggestion, acts which are dangerous to himself and others, and which are in themselves criminal—to thieve, to commit arson, or to attempt violence—and there is reason to believe that certain subjects can be made to receive a suggestion having in it a time element. Such a subject can be told, "On this day week, at a given time, you will return to the hypnotic state, go to a given place, steal such and such property, attack such and such a person, and you will not remember who gave you the direction."

There is a time-element in all nerve actions, and the operations of the brain. A person going to sleep at night says: "I will wake at six o'clock to-morrow morning, for I have to catch a train;" and he does it. This is a familiar example of a deferred suggestion, operating at a moment indicated several hours before. Ague chills are known to return at a certain every third or fourth day. The sensation of hunger is periodic according to habit of the hour of eating. The periodic chronometric and involuntary operation of the nervous system is imported into hypnosis.

THE PONY'S SABBATH.—A well-known and highly-esteemed clergyman, of venerable age, who for the benefit of his health resided in the country about half a-dozen miles from his church, was accustomed, not being able to walk the distance to and fro, to ride into town on a long strong little pony.

At a big meeting that was called to protest against railway trains running on a Sunday in the neighborhood, and at which the old clergyman was the principal speaker, a man interrupted him with a request for the fourth commandment, and got him to admit that the law given there applied as much to the pony as it did to the ox or the ass.

The result was that for two Sundays the venerable cleric came on foot, but on the third he came on the pony as usual, explaining to the people that he had consulted the early fathers of the Church and the Genevan divines, and had come to the conclusion that the institution of the Lord's Day, as observed by all Christian Churches and sects whatsoever, applied to mankind only, and was for their benefit, and that, in appointing the first day of the week to be the Sabbath of the Christians instead of the seventh, which was the Sabbath of the Jews, the intention was to leave the Sabbath of the brute creation as it originally stood; and so he had resumed his pony.

It was the general opinion that the old divine deserved his ride for his ingenious argument.

THE ESTEEM OF OTHERS.—Just in proportion as we live upright, honorable, self-respecting lives do we earn the right to the esteem of others. The desire of acquiring this right is a high and noble one, and will always lead to right action. The desire for esteem itself, when mingled with this, is good and wholesome; it is only when separated from it that it is weak and [illegible] for that to which we have no right. The end in every species of [illegible] and the desire for esteem, without the accompanying it is the shadow of a hypocrite. It is true that the more we try to acquire the right to be esteemed, the less anxiety we shall we crave such esteem itself. The former [illegible] the latter, by making us sometimes feel almost strong enough and happy enough to do without the latter. Yet to him that hath shall be given; and he who enjoys the consciousness of deserving the esteem of his fellow-men will be the continual recipient of their esteem, although he of all others may have become best able to do without it.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Ninety-five years ago the Religious Tract Society was founded. Since then it has printed the Gospels in 291 languages; it has issued the "Pilgrim's Progress" in 97 languages; its "New Testament Commentary" has appeared in Chinese, Arabic, Syriac, Mahratt, Bengali, Tamil, Urdu, Hindu, Canarese, Singhalese and Karen. Last year it sent out 67,000,000 of publications.

The city fathers of Frankfort are exercised about the notices of theatrical managers respecting the time when performances are over. The chief of police has ordered that a fine of ten marks must be paid when any performance ends fifteen minutes sooner or fifteen minutes later than the time announced on the bills—as any manager can fix to a minute when a performance will end.

The frame that encloses the "Virgin and Child" at the Milan Cathedral is said to be the finest in the world. Some idea of its value may be gained when it [illegible] the frame is eight feet long and [illegible] formed of hammered gold, with an inner moulding of lapus lazoli. At the corners are hearts designed in large pearls and precious stones. This picture frame is probably worth upwards of $100 000.

Chesholm Robertson, one of the foremost leaders of the great Scottish coal miners' strike, speaks French with an unimpeachable accent, is acquainted to some extent with German, writes two systems of shorthand and reads Carlyle and Schopenhauer. He wears a velvet jacket cut a la Whistler, affects a stove pipe hat of the pattern worn 10 years ago, and is profuse in his display of jewelry. He carries a cane which is said to weigh seven pounds.

Paper from sunflower stalks has recently been produced in the south of England, but as the fibre in the stems is too short to produce a material of fine texture suitable for writing or printing upon, the experiment is not likely to be continued. Some 500 pounds of sunflower stalk produced, by the aid of proper paper-making machinery, about 330 pounds of paper. This was not suitable for other purposes than packing, and to make a good paper it was estimated that the addition of 50 per cent. of rags or similar material would be necessary.

It has been conclusively proved that women have a larger proportion of brown eyes than men. If in parents the mother has brown eyes and the father blue, the chances are 88 to 12 that the girls of the family will be brown eyed, the percentage in favor of the boys having blue eyes being 72 to 28. If the parents have eyes of like color, the chances in favor of the children, both male and female, having eyes of the same color is 92 to 8. Candolle, the investigator, says that the health of dark-eyed persons is much superior to that of the light or blue-eyed type.

More than one hundred thousand observations of the sun and the three major planets, Saturn, Jupiter and Mars, have been made by the United States Nautical Corps, under Professor Simon Newcomb, in order to complete the work of determining the fundamental elements of astronomy and the planetary masses. Many of the mathematical equations necessitated in the case of the three planets observed involved the remarkable number of about twenty-two or twenty-three unknown quantities. The labor has required several years of gratuitous work on the part of volunteer specialists, and is a triumph of which American astronomers may justly be most proud.

By the use of the submarine detector the Russian monitor Russika, which foundered with all hands on board a little over a year ago, in a storm in the Gulf of Finland, has been found in thirty fathoms of water. The Russian Government intends to raise her. The detector consists of a sinker containing an electrical arrangement attached to an electric cable, which joins it to another electrical arrangement on deck, connected to a telephone. The apparatus is so adjusted that the approach of a mass of metal disturbs the adjustment and makes a sound in the telephone. The main object of Captain McEvoy, the designer of the apparatus, was to indicate the approach of iron ships to anchored torpedoes, and to search for stray torpedoes, lost anchors and chains, telegraph cables and the like.

THE steel barbette battleship Re Umberto the namesake of the King of Italy, is one of the largest war ships afloat. She has four huge and formidable [illegible] the Italia, Lepanto, Sardegna and Sicilia—in the Italian Navy, and the biggest armorclads of all the other navies of the world are dwarfed by these giant vessels. The Re Umberto is 400 feet long, with a displacement of 13 250 tons; engines of 19,500 horse power, and an estimated speed of 18 knots an hour. The largest of the new American battleships, the Iowa, will have only 10 296 tons displacement, 11 000 horse power engines, and an hour speed of 16.5 knots. The United States, with their vast coastline, can take a lesson from the little Mediterranean Kingdom that has built up the third navy of the world.

WHY WOMEN SMOKE CIGARETTES.—"As far as my experience goes, the lady smoker is usually an erratic woman of fashion possessed of an insatiable desire for being 'up to date;' and very few of my female customers for gold-tipped Turkish cigarettes are regular consumers of the weed." Thus remarked a fashionable West-end tobacconist to the writer the other day.

"Like all other woman's crazes," he continued, "the thing is mainly a 'boom,' which, like, say, the crinoline and the walking stick, is from time to time revived, only to flicker and die away without retaining a real hold upon female society.

"I have frequently seen it asserted in the papers that the devotion of mankind to [illegible] is to be ascribed to the idea that obtains with women that a person who does not smoke cannot be of a manly nature, on the other hand, firmly believe that the reason for so many women [illegible] the unbecoming habit of cigarette-smoking is due to the fact that [illegible] often think it a charming [illegible] woman that she [illegible] to the weed.

"Of course I should be the last person in the world to deprecate the habit, and if [illegible] purveyors of nicotine would [illegible] Havana cigars, so much the better for me; but, as I say, with all the talk there is about it, you would hardly believe how few women customers I have on my books.

"The best of the lot is an Indian lady, wife of a Government official who served many years in the East, and who consumes regularly between two or three boxes of cigarettes, of the best brand I can obtain, every month."

MR. JAMES: "I tell you whiskey is a handy thing to have around when you [illegible] Mrs. Jones, who knows a thing or two, says, nice oranges are a handy thing to have around when you have whiskey in the house."

PATENTS

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and improvements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patronage from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The [illegible] Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

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Our Young Folks.

ELINOR'S LOST DOLL.

BY T. E. C.

IT was a beautiful spring day, and Elinor could not help feeling that it was hard that she might not go out, but she had really been very ill with scarlet fever, so she had to be careful, and grandmamma was perhaps over-particular, and had rather a tiresome way of saying it was better to be on the safe side. So granny went down to order a nice dinner, with a baked apple at the end of it, and nurse bustled off to scold Sarah about the way she made the beds, and Elinor was left to play alone in the day nursery, and to tell you the truth, she found the "safe side" rather dull.

However, whatever misfortunes happened in the world round her, there was always a great deal of comfort in her dolls; and, by-and-by, when Elinor was tired of yawning by the window, she went to the toy cupboard, and brought on her large family and settled them down to lessons. She had to separate the twins, because they always played when they were together, so she propped Emily Anne against the waste-paper basket, with Lady Gladys, and placed Gertrude Jane in the respectable society of Miss Fanny, within the covers of a lesson-book. Then she drew up her own chair, and put her feet on a footstool, and held up a warning cane, and the lessons began.

Miss Fanny was Elinor's oldest doll, and she was rather shabby and bald in places.

It always vexed Elinor to see her against the twins, in their pale blue silks and crimson cloaks but she was a very faithful little girl, and she was conscious all the time that she was ashamed of being ashamed of Miss Fanny, but she could not help shaking her behind the twins' backs, when she slipped out of the lesson-book, and helplessly on the floor on her face.

"You really are too big to throw yourself about like that, Miss Fanny," she said. "It's just temper. Now listen to me—how do you spell cat? No, it isn't k—a—t, you naughty child. Gertrude Jane will tell me. Yes, dear, quite right, c—a—t. You can go up one place, and Miss Fanny will have a bad mark."

Of course when you do all the questions and answers yourself, and make the children answer right or wrong as you wish, it is not quite like a real school, but it is very interesting all the same, and when Elinor climbed down to move Gertrude Jane into her new place, she could not resist giving Miss Fanny a sharp little tap with her cane. She was so limp, and her bran looked so untidy, and she flopped over the lesson-book in such a senseless way.

"Stop crying this moment, miss," she said, as she settled herself gravely back in her chair; "don't you know I do it for your good? Be quiet, child; I can't hear myself speak."

But apparently Miss Fanny would not be quiet, for presently Elinor climbed down again, and seized her rather roughly by one arm.

"Very well," she said, "if you choose to be naughty and disturb the other young ladies, I must punish you. I shall put you in the play cupboard all alone, and you will stay there till tea-time."

She threw open the cupboard door and pushed Miss Fanny into the dark untidy atmosphere of dolls' clothes, and rags, and shabby toys; then she thrust the door to again, and turned the key, and went back to the staring class with a sigh of relief.

They were all clean and good now, and it was a great comfort to have got Miss Fanny, with her shabby clothes and bald head, out of sight.

They finished the lessons in very high spirits, and then Elinor took them all for a ride on the large wooden horse that pushed from behind, and she said over and over again, just to convince herself, how fortunate it was that Miss Fanny had not made a fourth on the horse, for she would have been sure to scramble or kick, or do something tiresome and vulgar, and, after all, she could not get into much mischief where she was.

Once, in the middle of the ride, Elinor fancied she heard a knocking inside the cupboard, and, with her heart beating rather fast, she ran across the room, and opened the door a crack.

Miss Fanny's bare arm was stretched out, and her head had fallen forward, so Elinor pushed her back.

"I said that you were to wait till tea-time, Fanny," she exclaimed; "it's no use knocking or showing temper. I can't break my word, but I hope you will try and be good, dear."

The last word came out with rather a jerk, and Elinor looked a little wistfully at the bald patch, but Miss Fanny said nothing, so Elinor shut the door again, and went back to the happy family on the horse.

But all the day she was haunted by a dim feeling of injustice to Miss Fanny, and it was with a sense of relief that she drew up her chair to the nursery table at tea-time, and took the cover off the muffin dish, and then ran over to the cupboard to take Miss Fanny out and forgive her. She opened the door cautiously, and peered into the darkness; but there was no bare arm, or bald head, on the shelf where she had laid her. With a sinking at her heart, she thrust her hand hither and thither, scattering the toys, but it was of no use. Miss Fanny had gone.

"Nurse," she cried out sharply, "Fanny has gone—where have you put her?"

"Why, I see you playing with them all this morning, myself, Miss Elinor," said nurse; "come and drink your tea while it's hot, my dear, and don't trouble over your dolls. She can't have walked away."

Elinor came slowly back, with a sort of despair at her heart, and ate her muffins silently. Fanny was gone! and she had parted with her in anger; that was all she could remember—that was all she could sob out incoherently to granny. Then bed-time came, and Fanny's cold cradle stared at her reproachfully beside the row of boxes where the twins and Lady Gladys slept the sleep of the weary, and when granny fairly understood, I must say she was very comforting.

"Why, Elinor," she said, "of course she will turn up to-morrow. Why did you not tell me sooner? I had no idea you loved Miss Fanny so much."

"I don't love her so much," sobbed Elinor.

"Then what is it, dear?"

"She isn't young, nor pretty, nor nicely dressed, like the others," said Elinor huskily; "and I was unkind to her. I knew she could have spelt 'cat' if I had waited, but I wouldn't wait, and I made Gertrude Jane go up. I didn't let her try again, and at home Miss Watson always lets me try again. And she knocked at the cupboard door afterwards to be let out, and I wouldn't listen—and now she is lost!"

"Well, well," said granny, rather perplexed at the long tale of woe that was being so incoherently poured out, "go to bed now, and try to forget the dolls. You will make yourself ill, dear; and we will find her in the morning."

It was very poor comfort, but it was the best granny could give—and there was nothing for Elinor to do but to try to be patient, but bear the sting of the injustice she had dealt out to Miss Fanny; and, by-and-by, when she was falling asleep, someone came into the nursery, with a shaded candle, and leant over the crib.

"Are you asleep, Miss Elinor?" said Sarah, in a hoarse whisper, "because nurse told me to come and tell you about the doll: it was a poor shabby thing, and its bran was spilling over everything, so I swept it up with the ashes, and it's there in the coal-scuttle by the nursery door."

"Give it to me, Sarah," cried Elinor.

"Oh, no, Miss Elinor," said Sarah; "it's no black and crushed. Nurse says as she'll wash it out to-morrow, and make it decent with a new frock, but not now—no, miss, it ain't possible."

"Give it to me," said Elinor again imperiously. So Sarah crept outside, and brought back a limp, black, dishevelled creature, that Elinor received into her soft warm arms, and hung over, and kissed, with penitent tears, until she fell asleep.

STORY OF A FUR COAT.—Among the many presents which Count Woronzoff-Daschkow, Minister of the Imperial Household of the Czar of Russia, has received from his imperial master was a magnificent coat lined with almost priceless silver-fox fur. This garment is however no longer in the Count's possession, and the manner in which it was lost is sufficiently amusing to be worthy of record. The Count had been attending some Court function at the Winter Palace of St. Petersburg last February, and, at the conclusion thereof, on coming down into the hall where his chasseur was waiting with other servants and footmen bearing their masters' fur and wraps, he found, greatly to his disgust, that the entire left sleeve of the coat had been cut off. The chasseur was unable to account for the theft, which had evidently been perpetrated by a clever thief in the crush of servants waiting in the entrance-hall of the palace. On the following morning the Count lost no time in sending the pelisse to the furrier, with orders to supply a new sleeve in place of the one that had been stolen. A couple of hours afterwards, and before the tailor had had time to find a new piece of fox fur sufficiently fine to match that of the cloak, a servant dressed in the livery of the Woronzoffs entered the establishment bearing the missing sleeve. He stated that the police had just recovered it, and that he had been sent by the Count to have it sewn on quickly while he waited, as his excellency wished to wear it the same afternoon. Within half an hour the furrier had completed the job and handed the pelisse to the footman, who straightway disappeared in the direction of the Woronzoff palace. Later in the afternoon the furrier was astonished to see the Count's valet enter the shop and ask for his masters' coat, and only then did he realize that the liveried individual who had called upon him in the morning with the missing sleeve was a clever thief, who had had first stolen the sleeve with a view to being subsequently able to obtain the entire coat, which has never been recovered to this day.

WHAT WAS IT?—There was a great deal of wonder in the house in which Anna and Laura lived, for a strange looking package had come, and no one knew what it was. It was wrapped round and round, and Anna said—

"Those wooden bars that are sticking out look like rockers."

"Perhaps it is a rocking-chair," said Anna.

"I don't think it is," said Laura, "for we have rocking-chairs enough; there are two in the nursery and one in mamma's room. This may be a sort of boat, or something for a game."

"Let us go and ask mamma," said Laura.

So the two litte girls ran off to their mother.

"Mamma," said they, "the funniest-looking parcel has come—what is it?"

Their mamma did not speak for a moment, then she said—

"It may be the little rocking-chair your grandmamma was telling me about. She told me that some time, if she saw one of the kind again, she should buy it, and send it for you to be your very own to sit in and to play with. So I daresay that is what has come."

"Oh!" exclaimed the children, "it must be."

"I said it was a rocking-chair," said Anna.

Yes, it was indeed the rocking-chair that their grandmother had spoken about, and the two little girls could scarcely wait till it was unpacked.

When all the wrappings were taken away, there it stood, the prettiest little chair that they had ever seen.

"Our own, our very own chair," said Anna.

"Yes," said Laura, "to sit in and to play with, and for our dolls to sit in and be rocked. Anna, Moll, and Poll shall shall have a ride now, and we will sing, 'Rock-aby, baby, upon the tree-top' to them."

So Moll and Poll were brought out and placed in the new rocking-chair, and first Laura rocked them, and then Anna rocked them—the dolls have never had such a ride before.

"I should think they have enjoyed it," said Anna; "it is not every doll that has a chance of such a good ride."

"It is not every little girl that has such a pretty little rocking-chair as this," said Laura.

"No," said Anna, "nor such a kind grandmamma. She is always thinking of us: she gives us presents on our birthdays, and on New Year's Day, and——"

"At Midsummer," said Laura. "Mamma says we are going to stay at her house this summer instead of going to the seaside, and you know, Anna, that she always gives us lots of presents when we stay with her."

"Yes," said Anna thoughtfully, "grandmamma is very good to us. She must have a great deal of money, Laura, to buy so many things; for there are all our cousins to have presents, and I daresay she has sent rocking-chairs to them as well as to us." G.

THE condition of land tenure in the United Kingdom is curiously illustrated in the Financial Reform almanac. Says that authority: "Of the 72,000,000 acres in this country, 50,000,000 are owned by less than 15,000 persons, and of these 50 000 000 no less than 30,000,000 acres are owned by 1000 persons. It is estimated that leaving out blocks of under an acre in extent, 180 524 persons practically own the whole of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales; that 10,000 persons own two-thirds of England and Wales, 300 two-thirds of Scotland and 1000 two-thirds of Ireland."

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Japan has 40,000 physicians.

The penguin's wings are useful only under water

The French Government is about to introduce a bill fining railway companies for late trains.

A newspaper, the Oklahoman, in Oklahoma City has changed owners 12 times in six months.

Hair may be transplanted and, under proper conditions, will grow as well as in its natural situation.

The largest Bible in the world is in the Vatican. It is written in Hebrew and weighs 120 pounds.

An ingenious Scotchman has devised a thread-spinning apparatus that is operated by two trained mice.

Corner lots on Fleet street, Piccadilly, and other desirable locations in London, are worth $100,000 a front foot.

The harvesting of grain by ants is confined to a small number of kinds and to tropical and warm climates.

There is a cave near Deadwood, S. D., that is believed to extend more than 90 miles into the bowels of the earth.

Over 90,000,000 lobsters were bred and let loose this season at Wood's Holl, Mass., by the Federal Fish Commissioners.

Paper has been made in China from time immemorial. Outside of China it was made at Samarcand, in Turkestan, A. D. 750.

An island in the Missouri river, near Leavenworth, which contained 500 acres in 1858, has grown until its extent is 1400 acres, and has a valuable coal bed.

A married couple in Sawada, Japan, according to a native paper—the father 132 years old and the mother 135—have a family of 14, including a son aged 105, and a daughter 103.

A Michigan woman is being tried for the murder of her 8-year-old-son. She says that she gave him rat poison on a piece of pie because she "feared that he was going to the bad."

There are two negro women near Owensboro, Ky., aged 103 years, respectively, who have never known a day's sickness, and who are still able to perform a full day's work in the field.

The fire loss in the United States during the past year amounted to $172,000,000. The number of fires was 35,188, and the amount the fire insurance companies were called upon to pay was $105,000,000.

By an Italian law every circus which does not perform every act promised in the printed programme, or which misleads the public by means of pictures, is liable to a fine of $500 for each offence.

A delegate to the recent Convention of the American Forestry Association declared that the United States consumes more firewood, builds more wooden houses and fences than any other nation.

A Fort Madison, Ia., doctor has a gold watch that was worn by Edgar A. Poe, whose name is engraved on the case, and which he gave to a Philadelphia tailor named Albright, to whom he became indebted.

Neighborhood rivalry runs so high in one part of Wasco county, Oregon, that they steal bridges and move them to other roads. An organized watch has to be maintained to prevent more depredations of the same kind.

While a fashionable wedding was in progress in Emmanuel Church, Boston, last week, a fish got into the water motor that supplies the organ with wind. It gave the music more of a hymeneal wriggle than was desirable

The town of Dexter, Mo., has an ordinance requiring boys under 18 years of age to keep off the street after 9 o'clock. Every night at 9 o'clock a bell is rung, and all boys found on the street after that time are landed in the calaboose.

The tobacco raised in Beloochistan is exceedingly strong, and cannot be smoked by any but the most vigorous white men. The natives do not appear to be affected by it, and children of 10 and 12 years puff away all day long without any discomfort.

The proposal to construct as the great attraction of the exhibition of 1900 in Paris a monster telescope, able to show the inhabitants, if any, of the moon, has been revived, and M. Bischoffsheim is said to be willing to advance 2,000,000 francs toward the cost.

Of the few genuine relics of Shakspere preserved in his native town the most interesting are his signet ring, with the initials "W. S." on it, and the desk at which he sat in the grammar school of Stratford. The average number of visitors to the poet's home and church is 25,000 a year, of whom about 6000 are American.

The sub-post offices of the United States in large cities (usually located in drug stores) are more remunerative than regular country post offices in towns of 1000 inhabitants. The salary for conducting the former is from $800 to $900 per annum and the latter from $200 to $700. Stamp agencies receive $24 per annum, no matter whether the annual sales amount to $1 or $10,000.

RECOMPENSE.

BY E. W. W.

Straight thro' my heart this shot to day
By Truth's own hand is driven;
God never takes one thing away,
But something else is given.

I did not know in earlier years
This law of love and kindness;
But without hope, through bitter tears,
I mourned in sorrow's blindness.

It is the law, complete, sublime,
And now, with faith unshaken,
In patience I but bide my time,
When any joy is taken.

IN OLD NEW ENGLAND.

The central and most striking feature of the Puritan Sabbath was the place of worship. Cotton Mather could find no scriptural warrant for calling it a church, and its universal designation in the colonial times was that of the Meeting-House. Small, very small, and built at first of logs in the valley, we soon find it seeking a geographical center instead of that of the population, and for easy defense as well as for sightliness from the sea and from the land, perched on bleak, exposed, and sometimes almost inaccessible hilltops.

In the constant danger of Indian attack, it was made almost a fortification and the attendance of a certain portion of the worshippers fully armed, a legal obligation. A Connecticut legislature fixed this quota at one-fifth of the soldiers of the town and sometimes, as at New Haven, cannon were mounted at the side of the building. Bells came into general use at a comparatively late day. A conch-shell was used to summon the earlier worshippers for which a drum-call was afterward substituted.

Benches were the first seats and the great square pews still to be seen in Trinity Church at Newport, with their high railing, and sometimes with separate entrances from the outside, were at first built by individuals as a family privilege and long remained marks of social distinction. Their seats were hung on hinges to facilitate standing in prayer time and their slamming was often a cause of disorder and confusion. The habit of taking sprigs of fennel, dill, and caraway for eating during the long service was a universal custom which still lingers in some country congregations.

No duty was more important or more responsible than that of "seating the meeting-house." Committees for this purpose were freshly appointed each year but no devices could do away with the heart-burnings to which the charges of partiality naturally gave rise. More difficult still was the task of maintaining order in congregations where not only the sexes but those of the same age, boys and young men, were customarily seated together—a difficulty still further increased when after the addition of galleries the boys were especially assigned to them.

But the most grotesque, most extraordinary, and highly colored figure in New England Church life was the tithing-man. Of no other official, preacher, deacon, or choir leader, are so many amusing incidents related as of him and of his encounters not only with the unruly juniors but still more with the sleepy elders unable to remain alert during the long hours of the almost interminable services of those early days. The descent of the long rod with a fox tail or hare's foot at one end and heavily knobbed at the other, whether in gentleness to arouse a first offender or more heavily in correction upon the heads of the incorrigible, with the sometimes witty and often ludicrous speeches evoked, have supplied anecdotes innumerable of the ways of the creaking, bustling, peering officials whose duties have continued almost down to our own day.

In spite of the icy coldness of the meeting-houses in winter, sometimes freezing the bread of the Communion service, the opposition to the introduction of stoves was long and fiercely continued. Small foot-stoves filled with hot coals from the home or at the hearth of a farm-house near by, helped to make the icy chill endurable. The company of the dogs of the household was sometimes welcomed but only in the present century did the box-stove with its long line of pipe projecting from a window and with its unsightly tin pails hanging from its joints to catch the pyroligneous droppings, come into general use. Some mitigation of the rigors of the winter Sabbaths with their two-fold services became, however, an absolute necessity, and so-called noon-houses; built near the meeting-houses, offered, with their wide open fire-place and frequently a barrel of cider, a welcome relief.

The precise language ascribed to the Blue Laws of Connecticut has been shown to be a fabrication, but though in detail incorrect they are in spirit true records of the old Puritan enactments, for the decorous observance of Sabbath, not only in Connecticut, but in the other colonies. Not only church attendance, but the most trivial details of the occupations of the Sabbath were hedged about with legal ordinances.

Sweet to the Pilgrims and their descendants was the hush of the calm Saturday night, and of their still, tranquil Sabbath. No work, no play, no sign of life, save the necessary care for their own physical existence and that of their domestic animals, could be allowed, and this absolute obdience to the letter as well as the spirit of God's Word was to them a vital part of their religion.

CURE FOR A WART.—In a Western city recently two physicians were walking together, when one of them raised his hat to a lady whom they met.

"A patient?" asked the other.

"Oh, in a way!" answered the first doctor. "I treated her the other day for a small difficulty."

"What was it?"

"A wart on the nose."

"And what did you prescribe?"

"I ordered her to refrain absolutely from playing the piano."

The other doctor was astonished.

"Ordered her to leave playing the piano for a wart on the nose! Well, I can't understand your treatment."

"If you knew the circumstances, you would," said the first doctor. "She occupies the flat just under mine."

Grains of Gold.

Ask thy purse what thou shouldst buy.

Golden opportunities do not travel by a time table.

Success in anything requires singleness of purpose.

Sympathy is something that cannot be learned from books.

Character is something that cannot be burned up or buried.

He that would enjoy the fruit must not gather the flower.

Hard work is only hard to those who do not put heart in it.

A good day does not always begin with a bright morning.

Murder is committed in the heart before it is done with a gun.

How ready some people are to sell their souls for spot cash.

There are men who like to speak well of others—on a tombstone.

Success that is not planned for and worked for is never enjoyed.

The things that do the most to make us happy do not cost money.

Competition is sometimes as good a thing in religion as it is in business.

It is remarkable how many virtues can be seen in people who have money.

If you want to be strong in adversity, don't forget to pray when you are prosperous.

Is the woman who talks about her neighbors any worse than the one who listens?

Put this restriction on your pleasures: Be cautious that they injure no being that lives.

Only a little of the best sermon can be remembered, but an act of kindness is never forgotten.

Femininities.

Marrying for money is going into partnership with the devil for life.

Society women resemble hens in that they cackle a great deal about their set.

Among the pupils at one of the public schools in Georgia is a negro woman 43 years old.

The average weekly wages paid to female laborers of all classes in Germany is $2.17.

A New York contemporary offers a prize of $10 for the discovery of a perfect mother-in-law.

A woman in Chicago has filed a plea in divorce against her husband on the broad ground that he is a fool.

A young married lady wants to know whether it is bigamy for a married man to become wedded to his opinions.

It should be the aim of every generous man to leave enough money with which to set up his wife's second husband in business.

An old lady, hearing somebody say that the mails were very irregular, said: "It was just so in my young days—no trusting any of 'em."

It is a cruel operation to rob the ostrich of its feathers. Each quill is so tightly imbedded in the flesh that, when drawn out, it is covered with blood.

What we truly and earnestly aspire to be that in some sense we are. The mere aspiration, by changing the frame of the mind, for the moment realizes itself.

Real butterflies, fastened on to long spiral springs with a pin at the other end, are among the latest novelties to stick on a bonnet or as an ornament for the head.

He: "You don't love me as you did before we were married, I don't believe."

She: "Of course I don't, John. You wouldn't expect a woman to love a married man as she could a bachelor, would you?"

Miss Mary Sargent Hopkins, of Boston, whose interest in the development of outdoor exercise for women has given her prominence, specially favors the bicycle as an inducement to women to keep in the open air.

There is an inexpressible charm to care-worn age in the hopes which can never more be its own, and the illusions which can never again lend a grace to existence. It is memory that makes the old indulgent to the young.

Josephine Suffeenszka Javoska, who is said to be a grandniece of Pulaski,—the Polish patriot who fought for this country in the Revolutionary War,—and once a countess in St. Petersburg, sells newspapers in front of the postoffice in Brooklyn.

A dog belonging to a Pittsburg girl was accidentally locked in a trunk. When released, two days later, it was still alive. The following day it was run over by an express wagon, and when picked up seemed to be lifeless, but in the course of an hour it came to and now is as well as ever.

A gentleman the other day tried to persuade a Chinaman that it is a brutal practice to retard the growth of women's feet by binding them. The reply of the Chinaman was as follows: "The Chinee woman squeeze foot, it is true; but American woman squeeze waist, and I don't know which is worse."

She had sued for breach of promise, and the verdict of the jury was against her. "Want to poll the jury?" she repeated. "Yes, I do. Jes' gimme the pole for about two minutes!"—and she had thrown off her bonnet and was rubbing her hands together before the legal phrase could be explained by her counsel.

The woman was before the police judge for having beating her husband in a cruel manner. "You are charged," said his Honor, "with aggravated assault and battery. What have you to say?" "That's just it, yer honor," the prisoner responded promptly: "If he hadn't aggravated me I never would have raised my hand to him."

A number of women at Woodcliff, N. J., have been frequently frightened by burglars during the past week. By constant vigil, however, they managed to prevent the marauders from carrying out their purpose. They finally decided to hire a watchman, but on his first night of duty both he and his dog fell asleep. The burglars returned, and everything of value was stolen.

Somebody had done something to provoke the scorn and contumely of Mr. Skages, and he was ranting about it in the silliest manner.

"By George," he exclaimed, "I'd like to be the fool killer for a year or so."

"Oh, no, Hiram," protested Mrs. Skages, "you don't want to be placed in a position where you would have to commit suicide."

A curious case of kleptomania is reported from Paris. A wealthy woman, noted for her wit and brilliancy, has a mania for stealing men's hats. She can create a hullabaloo at a tea party or ball that makes things decidedly unpleasant. The hats are of no possible use to her or to any one else, because she cuts out the crowns as soon as she gets them. Her malady has been called manie d' chapeau.

Masculinities.

A pickpocket recently stole a large sum of money from a New York policeman.

It is the extravagant man who lectures his wife most about the importance of economy.

The world is full of people who want to do good, but they are in no hurry about making the start.

It is not looking others in the face that proves a man's courage; it is the strength to look himself in the face.

We cannot conquer fate and necessity, but we can yield to them in such a way as to be greater than if we could.

Abner Dorsett, a negro living in Hickory Mountain township, North Carolina, has a head which measures 32 inches in circumference.

Nothing, indeed, but the possession of some power can with any certainty discover what at the bottom is the true character of any man.

The watch carried by the average man is composed of 98 pieces, and its manufacture embraces more than 2000 distinct and separate operations.

A hog discovered an owl in a Georgia barn-yard a few weeks ago. The owl was blinded by the sun, and the hog cornered it and killed it.

Arizona has produced more than $80,000,000 of precious metals. The exports of silver have exceeded $5,000,000 a year, and of copper $4,000,000.

A man was recently chosen in Kentucky to act as judge at a poverty ball and award the prize to the worst looking lady and gentleman. That he escaped with his life is a wonder.

For half a century a man known as Billy Mustard has dwelt in the hollow of a huge sycamore tree, near Hamilton, Ohio. He is said to be the second human tenant of the same tree.

Mrs. Brooks: "I often wonder why some folks go to church."

Mrs. Rivers: "So do I. Now, there's Mrs. Short. Why, she hasn't had a new bonnet in twelve months."

Jones: "I hear that your next-door neighbor has a new organ. Do you know how many stops it has?"

Brown: "Only about three a day, and those are only for meals."

A Kentucky grocer advertises "tucking combs and side saddles, hair pins and trace chains, watch charms and sledge hammers, hair oil and blasting powder, cinnamon drops and Colt's revolvers."

Thomas H. Snyder, preacher and farmer, of Stone county, Kan., went insane and sat on the bank of a pond and wrapped barbed wire around his neck and ankles, bringing them close together, then rolled into the water.

A Brooklyn tailor is suing Miss Bogert, a well known young lady of that city, for the price of a pair of bicycle bloomers which she compelled him so alter and realter till he had a fit himself and got up the other suit in its place.

Count George Szirney, who claims to be the son of a wealthy and powerful Austrian nobleman, whose estates were squandered by the trustees while he was in his minority, is picking slate in a coal breaker at Wilkesbarre, Pa., for 60 cents a day.

A hundred tons of cats' tails were recently sold in one lot in London for the purpose of ornamenting ladies' wearing apparel. Assuming that an average cat's tail would weigh a couple of ounces, this would mean that no fewer than 1,792,000 pussies had been killed just to supply this one deal alone.

Tailor: "Married or unmarried?"

Customer: "Married."

Tailor, to cutter: "One pocket concealed in lining of vest."

Customer: "Eh, what's that?"

Tailor, explaining: "To hide your change, you know, at night. I'm married myself."

At the opening session of a new chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, recently formed in Los Angeles, Cal., with Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont as president, tea was brewed in camp kettles that are fallaciously believed to have been used by Washington and Lafayette in the Revolutionary War.

Into her guest chamber the Duchess of Westminster put a curious Swiss clock on which was the printed notice: "Please do not touch." She says that of all the men who have occupied the chamber only one failed to ask the reason for the prohibition. The exception was Mr. Fawcett, the late Postmaster General. Mr. Fawcett was blind.

"Now there is a story I don't believe," said the colonel, as he put down the paper.

"What story is that, colonel?" asked a friend.

"Why, that paper says that Cotopaxi can sometimes be heard 500 miles."

"You don't believe it?"

"Of course I don't believe it! I'll wager there isn't a singer in the world who can be heard half that distance."

"But Cotopaxi is a volcano, colonel."

"Is it? I thought it was one of those Italian fellows that go about with Patti."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

A new gown is composed of zibeline cloth in aubergine which is a dark purplish tint, aubergine being the French name for an egg-plant. The skirt of zibeline, although having little fulness at the waist, is nearly five yards wide at the bottom. It has three godet plaits in the back and is devoid of trimming. A deep interlining of hair cloth is required to insure the fashionable flare.

A close-fitting jacket of zibeline, reached, only to the waist in back, extends in a point slightly below the waist in front, and is finished with two large pearl buttons on either side. It has large revers of guipure lace, a little full at the bottom, but spreading out to the top. Under the jacket is an open vest of willow green moire. The latter forms a round collar in the back and a pointed basque below the jacket, the point in the back disappearing under the centre godet plait of the skirt. Filling up the open space in the front is a vest of aubergine, covered with lace, the round scallops meeting down the centre. The full collar of lace has a large bow of green moire ribbon at the back. The puff sleeves of zibeline are finished at the elbow by a lace ruffle caught up in front by a green rosette, a roll of moire being placed above the lace ruffle.

The jaunty little wrap, to be worn with this costume, is composed of three very full capes of aubergine cloth, the edges of each cape being finished by a band or strap of the cloth. A long, straight front, formed of guipure lace over aubergine, is bordered by long streamers of the cloth, forming a sailor or marine collar in the back, and edged with bands of the cloth. The wrap is finished by a high collar of aubergine, covered with lace, and the cloth streamers are garnished with large pearl buttons. It is linen throughout with willow green moire, and made warm and cosy by an interlining of flannel. Tiny pockets may be inserted in the lining of the plain fronts.

This cape would be most luxurious made of black or of aubergine velvet and garnished with cut jets or beurre colored lace.

To complete the costume we have a toque adorned with beurre colored velvet loops, terminated by cerise choux and standing jet aigrettes, or a small black velvet hat, trimmed with black tips and stiff loops of black velvet, a small willow green bow being half imbedded in the front trimming.

Another gown was fashioned in electric blue crepon, garnished with beurre colored lace, black satin and mink fur. The very wide flaring skirt hung a little full at the sides and in front, and was box plaited in the back. It was bordered by a wide band of lace, edged with fur.

The front of the corsage had a vest of black satin, studded with paillettes, broad at the neck and plaited at the waist. A yoke of lace bordered with fur, extended across the back in three large scallops, and formed a shoulder yoke in front, and loose caps over the tops of the sleeves. The upper edge of the deep lace girdle was bordered with mink. Below this was a narrow belt of black satin, and the black satin collar had pointed loops or rabbit ears at the back. The short puff sleeves were very bouffante, and the lower manche or sleeve was finished without a cuff.

With this gown the wrap above described would be very chic, made in black velvet or plush with a short, close nap, and bordered with fur. The front would be richly embroidered with jets and adorned with cut jet buttons. The entire cape would be lined with cerise silk.

Another pretty little cape of black velvet has one full cape, reaching slightly below the waist. Over this is a short cape or collar, formed of loops of black velvet, edged with fur and lined with rose pink satin. Shorter loops stand up at the neck over a collar of black ostrich tips. The cape is fastened by a large velvet bow at the neck, with streamers reaching below the cape.

Capes will be worn again, and must continue in vogue while large sleeves are used. There are many little collets and short capes for the demi-season, but those for the winter extend below the hips. They are of tan or bluet cloths trimmed with applications of cloth of the same color, or else black stitched on in intricate designs as borders, or in ribbon patterns over the whole cape. Others are of richer fabrics—moire of the new kind or in macre designs, and above all things, of velvet or of black velvet plush. For general wear the golf cape of cloth with Scotch plaid lining will be chosen.

Long coats, almost to the knee, are imported in smooth cloths of bluet shades, tan, brown, green and black. They are trimmed with black fur, passementerie and with jet embroidery. Still longer coats, reaching to the floor, are of the new bluet cloths. They have huge sleeves, fulled into flaring cuffs of Persian lamb fur, and are belted with embroidered bands edged with fur. A collet in points is similarly trimmed, and there is a flaring collar of the fur.

Empire coats of black macre moire are made to hang loose in full pleats from bust to knee. They have a yoke and collet, with also sleeves of black velvet, jetted and heavily furred.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Stewed Calf's Foot.—Well clean a calf's foot and stew or bake it in one pint of milk and one of water, with pepper and salt, the grated peel of a lemon, and a blade of mace, for three or four hours. If liked, celery may be added; and half a teacupful of cream stirred in is a great improvement.

Furniture Polish.—An experienced cabinet maker says the best preparation for cleaning picture frames and restoring furniture, especially that somewhat marred or scratched, is a mixture of three parts of linseed oil and one part spirits of turpentine. It not only covers the disfigured surface, but restores wood to its original color, leaving a lustre upon the surface. Apply with a woollen cloth and when dry rub with woollen.

A Dyspepsia Cure.—An orange eaten before breakfast will, it is said, cure dyspepsia sooner than anything else. Apples are also very hygienic, especially when baked or stewed. They are excellent in many cases of illness, and are far better than salts, oils and pills. The juice of oranges, as of lemons, is most valuable to make drinks in case of fever. Tomatoes are also excellent remedies in some liver and gastric complaints, and are certainly more pleasant than medicines.

Baked Halibut.—Take a piece of halibut weighing five or six pounds, or less, and soak in salt and water for two hours; wipe dry and score the outer skin; set in the baking pan in a tolerably hot oven and bake for an hour, basting often with butter and water boated together. When a fork will penetrate it easily it is done. It should be of a fine brown color. Take the gravy in the dripping pan, add a little boiling water, stir in a teaspoonful of walnut ketchup, the juice of a lemon, and thicken with brown flour; boil up once and put into a sauce boat.

To Take Stains Out of Linen.—Stains caused by acids can be removed by wetting the part and laying on it some salt of wormwood; then rub, without diluting it, with more water. Or, tie up in the stained part some pearlash, then scrape some soap into cold soft water to make a lather, and boil the linen till the stain disappears. Recent stains of fruit may be removed by holding the linen tightly stretched over a tub, and pouring hot water over the part. This may be done before any soap has been applied to it. As soon as the stain is made on table linen, etc., rub on it common table salt, before it has had time to dry. The salt will keep it damp till the cloth is washed, when the stain will disappear; or, wash the stain lightly when the cloth is removed.

Pumpkin Pudding.—Take one pint of pumpkin that has been stewed soft and pressed through a colander; melt, in half a pint of warm milk, one-quarter pound of butter and the same quantity of sugar, stirring them well together: one pint of rich cream will be better than milk and butter; beat eight eggs very light, and add them gradually to the other ingredients, alternately with the pumpkin; then stir in a wineglass of rose water and two glasses of wine, mixed together, a large teaspoonful of powdered mace and cinnamon, mixed, and a grated nutmeg. Having stirred the whole very hard, put it into a buttered dish, and bake three quarters of an hour.

Pumpkin Pie.—Take half a pumpkin, boil it till tender, drain and pass it through a sieve; take one and a half pints of this pulp, add to it a tablespoonful of flour, one quart of milk, half a pound of powdered sugar, the grated peel of a small lemon, and a pinch of salt; lastly, add two eggs, well beaten up. Beat the mixture well up, put it into a pie-dish lined with puff paste, and bake in the oven. Or, pare and remove the seeds, stew until tender, and pass through a sieve. To a quart of milk and five eggs, and having beaten these to an amalgam, stir in the stewed pumpkin till the mixture assumes the consistency of a moderately stiff custard; sweeten with sugar, add a little salt and a dash of sifted cinnamon, a soupcon of powdered ginger, and a little grated lemon peel. Then bake for about an hour in shallow dishes or soup-plates, which should be lined with a good crust. There is no upper crust to these pies, but in its stead a dust of powdered nutmeg should be added. Or, peel a pumpkin, remove the seed, and cut it into small pieces in a pie-dish; add two tablespoonfuls of currants, a little grated nutmeg, moist sugar to taste; cover with a paste, bake in a quick oven over half an hour; serve when cold.

Commercial travelers invariably provide themselves with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Jupiter's Moons.

BY C. A. C.

"Manby Hall, Hanley.

MY DARLING—I can't let you go without seeing you again—it's absurd! You said you had nothing to do to night—come out to the bridge and tell me you forgive me! Be there at half-past eight sharp, little one, for I have to be with the aunt at ten; she has turned up unexpectedly. I am such a bad hand at writing, I will explain when I see you; I hope it means well for you and me.

JIM.

"P. S.—If you don't come, I shall know you haven't forgiven me yet."

Forgiven him! Of course I had—the moment he strode angrily out of sight the day before. Did I not care for him more than all else in the world put together? Had I not promised, in the face of all opposition, to marry him as soon as he had enough for us to live on? I had bitterly regretted our silly quarrel the instant I remembered that my six weeks' visit to my aunt was over and that I was going to the far North.

But I could not meet him; and my tears fell upon the sprawling handwriting as I read his note. He would wait until he was sure I was not coming, and then go away thinking I was angry still, while I should be gazing with miserable unwilling eyes at Jupiter's moons.

Every night for a week my aunt had intended driving over to the house of a friend who lived about seven miles from her pretty quaint old dwelling. This friend was an old man with no children, who possessed a telescope which was his great hobby; and nothing pleased him better, my aunt said, than to show off this telescope to an intelligent listener. I had agreed quite eagerly to my aunt's proposal; but that was a whole week ago, and now I reviled myself for my own stupidity with bitter tears. I did not want to see Jupiter's moons; I did not want anything more wonderful in Nature than a man's tall strong figure and a tanned honest face.

It was not of the least use however shedding foolish tears and clenching my fists with suppressed passion and pain. Go I must, for my aunt's mind was made up; it was six o'clock now, and the pony-carriage was ordered for half past. Try as I could think think of no means of escaping. There was nothing to be done, unless I rushed into aunt Maria's presence and said I hated Jupiter's moons and did not want to see them. No; this course of action would result in aunt Maria either ordering me into the carriage on the spot, or staying at home to give me her views on the subject on the rest of the evening.

I could hardly contain myself as I stepped into the little low carriage, and took the reins from Giles, the groom, who then jumped up behind. Vainly did I search the sky for one little cloud; vainly did I restrain the pony's eagerness to go quickly over the smooth roads. We crossed the bridge, and I looked anxiously to see if by and by any chance Jim had come two hours before the time stated in his letter; but there was no sign of him.

To morrow I was going home; not for a long time should I drive or walk through the lovely English lanes with him or idle away the sweet September days in my aunt's old garden, or——

"It is quite fortunate" said my aunt from behind the Shetland shawl which covered her mouth, "that the sky is absolutely cloudless, my dear; else we might have spent your last evening quite stupidly at home."

I tried my hardest to answer cheerfully, and look as if my one desire was to see Mr. Leighton and his telescope and Jupiter's moons.

When we arrived at our destination we found supper waiting for us in an oak-panelled dining-room. There was another guest besides ourselves—a middle-aged maiden lady who was staying in the house, and who discussed bee-hives with aunt Maria. The meal seemed very long, for Mr. Leighton talked much and slowly, and did not seem able to eat while he talked. He was a very old man, with a long white beard and a dreamy gentle face. He told me all about the telescope, and prepared me for the wonders I was to see; and, after a little while, I banished my disappointment and tried bravely to seem pleased and happy. I suppose I succeeded, for Mr. Leighton rose from the table with his hand on his shoulder.

"It is a great treat to me, my child," he said, with a grave quaint courtesy, "to meet any one who takes such an intelligent interest in my favorite study. My telescope is more than a plaything to me."

And I would gladly have dropped his telescope into the river! My young heart was too sore for me take an intelligent interest in anything but a wooden bridge and the angry face of a man waiting for me in the moonlight.

We put on our hats again and sallied forth, Mr. Leighton and I going first, aunt Maria, Mrs. Leighton, and her guest following. Mr. Leighton and I were still among the stars, I displaying a deplorable ignorance, the old gentleman charmed to enlighten me.

I shall not readily forget that night. We were such a decorous procession as we wound our way through the lovely gardens. I could almost have laughed to think how I was spending my last evening in Hanley, walking by the side of this strange old man with his far-away eyes and long white beard, talking of wonders which seemed utterly commonplace to my restless mind.

The telescope had been set up in the kitchen-garden, which lay higher than any other of Mr. Leighton's grounds. It took us a considerable time to reach the spot, and, as we drew near, I saw Mr. Leighton cast many anxious glances at the sky. Certainly it was not so clear as it had been before supper.

"I am afraid, my dear Miss Leila," said Mr. Leighton, who was on the second step of the little ladder, gazing through the telescope—"I am very much annoyed—but the clouds are coming up fast; the moons are quite invisible."

He turned his kind old face to me with a deep troubled expression and came down the steps. He looked so grieved that I was moved to disappointment myself and showed it.

"Go up and look," he said, handing me gently up the steps; "perhaps your young sight—— But I do not think I should be mistaken. It is most unfortunate—most."

I stood very still and gazed intently and silently through the powerful instrument, but I could see nothing. My aunt and the Leightons were speaking in low tones below, while I strained my eyes, staring into that misty stretch of the heavens.

"Miss Leila," said Mr. Leighton at last, "I have been telling your aunt how interested you are, and have gained her permission for you to stay a few days with us to await a clear night. I hope you will come; I should indeed be sorry that you should go home without seeing the moons."

I turned to thank him, but the words died on my lips. A man was standing on the path, holding the maiden lady's hands familiarly in his own.

"I am sorry, Mr. Leighton," he was saying, in a voice I knew and loved better than any other I had ever heard. "And, after all, aunt, it's only ten o'clock now, and it's too misty for——"

He broke off. He came, like one dazed, to the foot of the ladder. I held out my hand, and the moonlight fell upon two of the happiest faces in England.

"Mr. Leighton has asked me to stay here and see Jupiter's moons," I said.

HEREDITY AND ENVIRONMENT.—There are two elements to be considered. First of all, there is wrapped up in this tiny ball of organized matter an inherent tendency more inexorable than the predestination taught by Calvin. We call it heredity. It is the gift, for good or ill, of fathers and great-grandfathers, of mothers and great-grandmothers, for many generations back. The fairy godmothers who come in the story book to every child's christening represent a scientific fact. The talents they bestow, the fatal limitations they inflict, are not by chance. They are the qualities of ancestry.

A system of education neglecting this element of heredity neglects a determining cause, and is fundamentally unscientific. But it is an element largely beyond the control of the teacher. All he can do is to develop those germs, or discourage them, as heredity seems good or bad. Even in this very moderate function he blunders, for the most part, terribly.

The second element is the one with which we have practically to deal. It includes all post-natal influences. In science we call it environment.

It is a long-standing debate as to which of these elements is the stronger. We need not enter the controversy. The balance of present evidence seems to support that view of the matter which gives the greater influence to environment. In this lies the hope of the educator. We mean to get the best of the dead great-grandmother. Mr. Fiske has pointed out that in the increased helplessness of the human infant, in its greater freedom from inborn instincts, in the lengthening days of the plastic period of infancy are to be found the possibilities of a far greater individual advance.

Important. Salvation Oil, the greatest cure on earth for pain, is only 25 cents.

Recent Book Issues.

The question of the vertical writing as opposed to the slanting style is well treated in a series of copy books on the subject, published by E. O. Valle, Chicago. It seems to be an excellent idea, an impression with which all, on examining the system as set forth in Mr. Valle's work, will very likely coincide.

Number Nine of "The Book of the Fair" has been issued and fully maintains the very high character of those preceding it. Short of having been there in person this is the best substitute for a visit we know. In pictures, type and matter it is a marvel of thoroughness and beauty. Published by the Bancroft Company, Chicago and San Francisco.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

There is an exceedingly interesting and instructive variety of Sunday reading in "The Quiver" for November, led off by sketches of some "Apostles to Young Men," by Rev. A. R. Buckland, and illustrated with portraits. The strikingly illustrated article on "Lost Church Bells," is of lively interest. Among the secular reading are some interesting descriptive sketches, good short stories, poetry and other interesting matter. Published at New York.

The exceedingly interesting variety of reading in "Cassell's Family Magazine" for November is ushered in with a powerful play of the imagination under the title, "Sunrise in the Moon," by J. Munro. J. Cuthbert Haddon has a second paper on "Musicians." A strongly illustrated article on "How London Gets its Gas," by F. M. Holmes, will be read with lively interest. The favorite Family Doctor has a sensible "Talk on Aches and Pains." There are many more miscellaneous papers, and the "Chit Chat on Dress" is beautifully. The short stories are of the best, "The Mystery of Broadmead Court" being powerful. Published at New York.

The complete novel in the November issue of "Lippincott's" is "Dora's Defiance," by Lady Lindsay. "An Arizona Speculation," by Mary E. Stickney, has the full Western flavor. Ella Higginson narrates briefly but forcibly a tragical episode, "In the Bitter Root Mountain." E. J. Gibson explains the labors of "The Washington Correspondent," and Frederic M. Bird discourses on "Magazine Fiction, and How Not to Write It." Other articles are "Bargaining in Russia," by Isabel F. Hapgood; "Rabbits in New Zealand," by J. N. Ingram; "My Schools," by Col. Richard Malcolm Johnston; "Old New York Restaurants," by Edgar Fawcett, etc. Published in this city.

The leading articles of the November "Eclectic Magazine" are Mr. Gladstone's "True and False Conceptions of the Atonement," Mme. Caillard's "Spirit and Matter," and "What Evolution Teaches us." The accounts of travel includes Mr. Savage-Landor's "Journey to the Sacred Mountain of China," Mr. Alfred Austin's interesting description of his first visit to Ireland; "A Trip to Bosnia-Herzegovina," by M. de Blowitz, and Mr. Frederic Harrison's "Antiquarian Ramble in Paris" are welcome, and among lighter sketches we recommend a "Character Note" on "The New Woman," "From Weir to Mill," by a Son of the Marshes, and Alice Cameron's "Day in Camp," from "Impressions of Rajputana." Published by E. R. Pelton, 144 Eighth Street, New York.

"The Century" for November signalizes the opening of its twenty-fifth year by the beginning of one of its most important enterprises, the Life of Napoleon, by Wm. M. Sloane, Professor of History at Princeton College. The number also contains a paper on "The Churches of Provence," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, author of "English Cathedrals." Mr. Noah Brooks, a friend of Lincoln and a "war correspondent" at the capital, contributes the first of several papers of personal reminiscences of "Washington in Lincoln's Time." An important study of common life from personal investigation is set forth in a paper by Jacob A. Riis on "The Making of Thieves in New York." Dr. Washington Gladden contributes a timely article on "The Government of Cities," and among the editorial articles of the number are papers on "Good Government in New York," on "Congress and Forestry Questions," on the Referendum, on "Free Art in America at Last." During the coming year the "Century" will continue to print engravings by Mr. Cole illustrative of the Old Dutch Masters. The Century Company, New York.

THE JAPANESE FAN.

Transcendental Fusiyama, the peerless mountain, figures in the landscape decorations of all sorts and conditions of Japanese fans; whether portrayed with magic touch by such supreme artists as Hokusai, Korin, and Ritsuo, on costly cherished specimens that are mounted and hung on the walls as pictures, or vaguely outlined on the poorest samples of the paper tribe, it is omnipresent!

Another characteristic emblem, the swastika (the oldest symbol known the wide world over), in conjunction with the large red circular sun, is often to be found on the iron battle fans of the ancients. Incongruous to our notions of the warfare they played an important role in Japan, specially in those long and bitter civil wars which have been likened to our Wars of the Roses; while it is on record that even as recently as thirty years ago a Japanese naval commander carried one into action! Standard-bearers bore aloft huge fans, depending from bamboos, which they guarded as zealously as do our ensigns the regimental colors. Soldiers found them an admirable means of defence at close quarters, and the strolling players and wrestlers, who were forbidden by law to carry any other weapon, were able to defend themselves against all comers. When it is remembered that these wrestlers have always aimed and trained to be as fat as possible, it is evident that on this subject also our ideas are somewhat at variance with theirs! The most deadly instrument doubtless is the dagger fan, in its polished case of lacquer, which is manipulated with as great dexterity in the too frequent operation known as the hari-kari, or happy dispatch, as is its peaceful prototype in the amenities of everyday life.

Of the complexities of use and multiplicities of type of Japanese fan it is impossible to give more than the merest hint. If we turn to the Court we find, from the state fan of the Empress, with its exquisite decoration of the royal emblem of the chrysanthemum, to that of the meanest dependent, each has its distinctive use and prescribed occasion, even to the manner of holding it at a certain angle when shut, in accordance with rigid rules of Court etiquette, which are far too intricate for any mere outsider to comprehend. There is perhaps one English woman, and one only, to whom these things are no mystery. Mrs. Yoshitana Saunymiya is a cosmopolitan, who, having married the master of the ceremonies of the Imperial Court of Japan, has been for many years the confidential friend and adviser of the Empress, with whom she is such a favorite that she even has entrance to her Majesty's bedchamber, to which no other woman of Japan save of the blood-royal has such access.

That fans are in great requisition by the men over there is evident when one learns that the gift of a more or less sumptuous fan is de rigueur from the bride to the bridegroom on their wedding; but the sort in ordinary male use is large; generally of paper and decorated with flowered diapers on a white background.

The tight rope dancers, who are so justly renowned, again employ a special type of fan of their own, which is supposed to help them preserve their balance.

There are endless customs concerning fans. On the first of the "Mouse" (corresponding to our New Year's Day) it is usual to exchange fans as we do Christmas or New York's cards, with verses called Hai-kai inscribed thereon, and often accompanied by the Japanese emblems of of old age, health and plenty, a fir branch, a lobster and rice cake. It is also a social custom among the cultured to ask a friend to write an original verse, or draw a design on a fan as we should invite a contribution to an album.

No person in polite society would think of passing anything in the hand that could possibly be handed on the fan, which then must be held at a half-opened angle. In summer ladies use a peculiar "juice-fan," which exhales a pleasant odor, taking the place of our smelling-bottles, and also "waterproof fans," which, constantly dipped in water, cool the air when used. Japanese children, rich and poor, are adepts with the fan, which is given them at an age when an English baby learns to grasp its rattle, and they in their turn place it in the hands of their dolls.

"GIVE ME RAGGELS."—A well-known lady-artist resident in Rome relates that, while standing one day near the statue of the Apollo Belvedere, she suddenly became aware of the presence of a countrywoman. The newcomer, a well-to-do-looking American woman, introduced herself as Mrs. Raggels of Missouri, and then asked—

"Is this the Apollo Belvedere?"

Miss H. testified to the identity of the work; and the tourist then said—

"Considered a great statue?"

The interrogated lady replied that it was generally thought to be one of the masterpieces of the world.

"Manly beauty, and all that sort of things?" said the lady from the land of the setting sun.

"Yes," responded the now amazed artist, "it is said to be one of the noblest representations of the human frame."

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Raggels, closing her guide-book, and, with arms akimbo, taking a last and earnest look at the marble, "I've seen the Apollo Belvedere, and I've seen Raggels. And give me Raggels!"

TRAPS FOR ELEPHANTS.—In certain parts of the East a curious mode of capturing elephants is sometimes adopted. A trained elephant will first be taught to walk on a narrow path between two pitfalls which are covered with turf; and then it will be taken into the woods, in order that it may decoy the wild herd into the neighborhood of the snares. The "decoy" elephant, having succeeded in the latter purpose, will next, we are told, walk slowly round and close to the traps, and then suddenly hasten forward, as though frightened, and proceed safely past the pitfalls, in which some of the wild elephants are almost certain to become entangled in their attempts to follow after him. Dr. Darwin, who tells us of this method of capture, says that, if any of the wild herd be fortunate enough to escape from the traps, they never fail, if possible, to pursue the traitor who had endeavored to decoy them, and to have revenge upon him; and sometimes they have been known, in their rage, to beat one to death.

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A SHORT STORY.

CHAPTER I.
Lonely maiden on the beach
CHAPTER II.
Carried far beyond her reach.
CHAPTER III.
Shark attracted by the sound
CHAPTER IV.
Saves the maid from being drowned.
—U. N. Nonk.

The letter I is in it.

Good life preserver—Food.

A dangerous collision—Running into debt.

The book agent is often a man with a history.

Hush money—the price of a sleeping draught.

A cat is said to have nine lives. This may account for the nine muses.

A man's vest pocket is about as good a place as any to put in the time.

There is at least one human ailment that a tramp is exempt from—a splitting headache.

You can't blame men for going on a strike when even the slot machines refuse to work.

"This is a dead cinch," remarked the burglar as he went through the corpse's pockets.

"This is said to be a good stream for fish," said the unlucky angler. "Probably because so few of the fish leave it."

A Camden girl is so anxious for some fellow to place a ring on her finger that she sits all day and wrings her hands.

The gestures and speeching efforts of a young lawyer in court may be like the hands of a watch—have nothing to do with the case.

"When I am played out as a novelist," said Balzac one day to Dumas the elder, "I intend to write for the stage."

"Begin at once then," replied Dumas.

Tommy, to mother who is washing his face: "Ma, what's the use of little boys having two ears to bother with and wash when they can only hear one thing at a time?"

She: "Do you know, Jack, I think I should like to learn to play poker. It must be a fascinating game."

He: "Good gracious, Ethel, don't think of it for a moment! We can't both afford to play."

Maud: "How do you like the new way I do my hair, Frank?"

Frank, wanting to say something particularly nice: "Why, you look at least 30 years younger!"

Little Beth, in the country: "Grandpapa, you must have to keep an awful lot of policemen out here."

Grandpapa: "Why, Beth?"

"Oh, there's such a lot of grass to keep off of!"

Boy: "Pop, what does it mean when it says, 'The gentleman from Georgia has the floor'?"

Father: "It means, my son, that he was too much of a gentleman to go to bed with his boots on."

Police Justice: "Look here, your face is familiar. Haven't you been in this Court before?"

Prisoner: "Please your Honor, you met me at Dugan's the night they had the dog fight out there. See?"

"Oh, yes. You handled the dog that I lost $50 on. Six months. Next!"

Inventor: "I've hit a money-making thing at last. The preachers will go crazy over it, and it will sell like hot cakes. It's a church contribution box."

Friend: "What good is that?"

"It's a triumph. The coins fall through slots of different sizes, and all the dollars, halves, quarters and dimes land on velvet, but the nickels and pennies drop on to a Chinese gong."

"I understand," said the detective, "that you had a clue to the whereabouts of Crookles, the famous criminal."

"Yes," replied the brother officer; "a slight one."

"What was it?"

"A man came to me and said he was Crookles, and wanted to give himself up because he was tired of eluding justice."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing. He couldn't prove his identity."

There was a steely glitter in her eyes that betokened a cast-iron nerve. Sternly she gazed at the cowering wretch, who in vain strove to meet her gaze.

"False!" she said.

He said not a word.

"We have been married four years now!"

Still he kept silent.

"You won be by telling me that you belonged to a suicide club that was bound to lose a member every year, and that there were only three of you left! And that was four years ago!"

He said nothing, nor spoke. It was evident that she was onto him.

WONDERFUL EXPERIMENTS.—A series of very wonderful experiments, which have just been concluded by Dr. Luys, of Paris, whose observations and discoveries in connection with magnetism and electricity in relation to hypnotism made a profound impression upon the scientific world some time ago, has led to a remarkable result. The latest discovery establishes the fact that the cerebral activity can be transferred to a crown of magnetized iron, in which the activity can be retained and subsequently passed on to a second person. Incredible as this may seem, Dr. Luys has proved its possibility by the experiments just referred to. He placed the crown, which in reality is only a circular band of magnetized iron, on the head of a female patient suffering from melancholia, with a mania for self-destruction, and with such success was the experiment attended that within a fortnight the patient could be allowed to go free without danger, the crown having absorbed all her marked tendencies. About two weeks afterwards he put the same crown, which meanwhile had been carefully kept free from contact with anything else, on the head of a male patient suffering from hysteria, complicated by frequent recurrent periods of lethargy. The patient was then hypnotized and immediately comported himself after the manner of the woman who had previously worn the crown. Indeed, he practically assumed her personality and uttered exactly the same complaints as she had done. Similar phenomena have, it is reported, been observed in the case of every patient experimented upon. Another experiment showed that the crown retained the impression acquired until it was made red hot.

A CHAMELEON SPIDER.—A Southern man gives the following account of his discovery of a chameleon spider: "One afternoon, while tramping along a dusty road, I noticed in the bushes which grew along the side what appeared to be a singular looking white flower, with a blue centre. Stopping to examine it, I found to my astonishment that it was not a flower at all, but a spider's web, and that the supposed light blue heart of the flower was the spider itself, lying in wait for its prey. The mottled brown legs of the spider were extended in such a way as to resemble the divisions between the petals of a flower.

"The web itself, very delicately woven into a rosette pattern, was white, and the threads that suspended it from the bushes were so fine as to be almost invisible. The whole thing had the appearance of being suspended in the air upon a stem concealed beneath. Upon knocking the spider from his perch into the white gauze net which I carried my surprise was greatly increased upon seeing my captive instantly turn in color from blue to white. I shook the net, and again the spider changed color, this time its body becoming a dull greenish brown. As often as I would shake the net just so often would the spide change its color, and I kept it up until it had assumed about every hue of the rainbow."

AN ARTIST'S POWER.—Rosa Bonheur's power over animals is said to be remarkable. For a long time she kept at By, in a cage, a lion which had been very wild and untamable, but which finally developed a real affection for her who came day by day with palette in hand to work before his cage. He would look at her and pass his great paw between the iron bars, begging for a caress. Another animal, a lioness, died at the foot of the staircase of By, in the arms of the artist, her tongue as rough as a file, and her large paws holding still the hands of her beloved mistress, to whom those last loving caresses seemed to say, "Do not leave me!"

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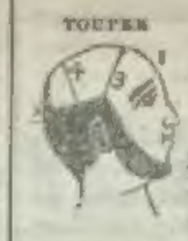

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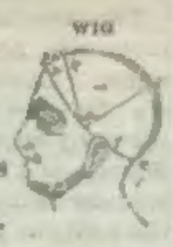

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No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
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No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

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4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.37, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining Car), 1.30, 3.30, 5.15, (5.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.35, (dining cars, p m, 12.10 night, Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, 3.30 p m, (5.12 from 24th and Chestnut,) 8.35 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

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FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.20, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.27, 8.05, 9.00 a m, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

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For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

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FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express 8.00, 9.00 a m., 2.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m., 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Leave Atlantic City Depot; week-days—Express, 6.30, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 7.30 p m. Accom., 8.10 a m, 4.32 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.00, 8.00 p m. Accom., 7.15 a m, 5.05 p m.

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